nemo

the classic comics library

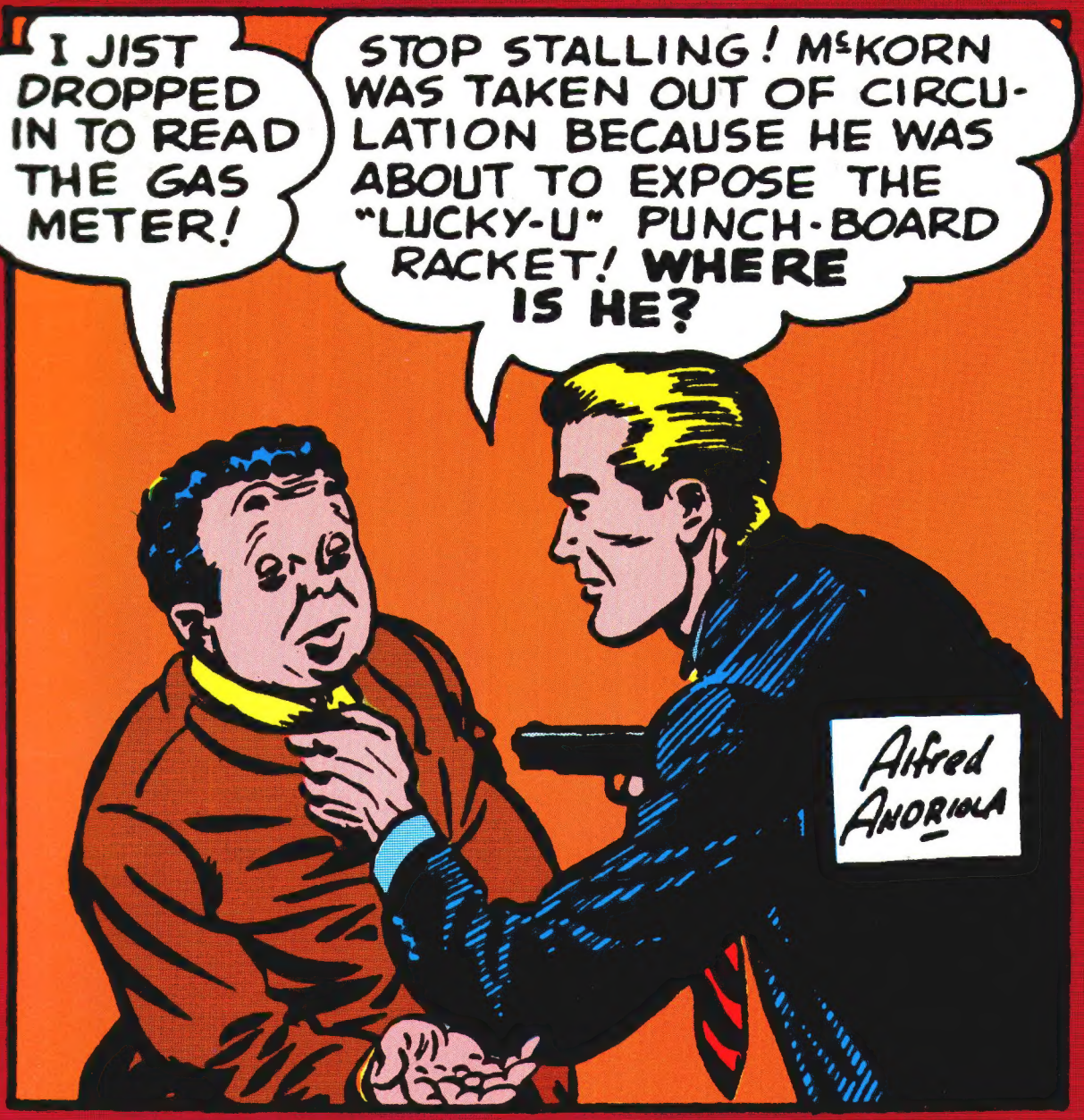
Number 19 ☐ June 1986 ☐ $3.50 ($4.65 in Canada)

BIG CHIEF WAHOO—
Hooray for Hollywood . . .
And W.C. Fields, Too!

PENMAN OF THE PAST
Russell Patterson

FRANK KING's Biting
Political Cartoons

THE CASE OF THE MISSING CARTOONIST


I JIST DROPPED IN TO READ THE GAS METER!
STOP STALLING! McKORN WAS TAKEN OUT OF CIRCULATION BECAUSE HE WAS ABOUT TO EXPOSE THE "LUCKY-U" PUNCH-BOARD RACKET! WHERE IS HE?
Alfred ANDRIOLA

A Complete Kerry Drake Mystery

By Alfred Andriola and Allen Saunders

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408 BICKMORE... ...2086

nemo contents

No. 19 JUNE 1986

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A complete episode of the classic detective strip from 1949. Allen Saunders's script and Al Andriola's art chronicle the mystery of a kidnapped cartoonist, Sketch McKorn. Talk about being behind deadlines! 7

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CORRECTION: The *Li'l Abner* sequences published in *NEMO* #18 are *not* in public domain, as stated in *NEMO* #17. All sequences are copyrighted and are reprinted with permission of Capp Enterprises, Inc. We regret the error.

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8 All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color cover by Gray.

10 Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*!

11 *Sam's Strip* premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

12 The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* SF strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

13 Big half-year sequence from Will Gould's classic, violent *Red Barry*; *Major Hoople*; a look back at TAD; and another installment of *Sam's Strip*.

15 Milton Caniff's classic *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long European heroes; plus reviews and letters.

16 A retrospective of *Huckleberry Finn's* comics adaptations; George Herriman's *Baron Bean*; *Hairbreadth Harry* concludes; the art of Joseph Clement Coll.

17 Special all-*Dick Tracy* issue, including a complete reprint of the "Brow" sequence, a rare interview, and an in-depth study of Tracy by Donald Phelps.

18 Al Capp is featured, with his final interview, a hilarious speech, and the complete 1955 "Bald Iggle" sequence. Also, the graphic art of Winsor McCay, and *Sam's Strip*.

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From The Secret Saunders File:

KERRY DRAKE

And The Mystery of the Disappearing Inker

Allen Saunders's contribution to strips have been well known through the years—his by-line has appeared on many of America's popular strips.

What has not been as well known, for a specific reason, was his work on the classic detective strip *Kerry Drake*. As revealed in Saunders's autobiography in the pages of *NEMO: The Classic Comics Library* the young veteran scripter of *Chief Wahoo* was asked to fill in on the writing chores when Norman Marsh abandoned *Dan Dunn*. The syndicate had decided to end the strip but wanted to retain the list of client newspapers; and it seemed the perfect solution to have a new detective strip quietly, neatly, smoothly replace it between the Saturday and Monday episodes.

Allen Saunders was retained as scripter; the syndicate had been so impressed by his fill-in work that the temporary assignment became permanent. Saunders had written for the pulps, so the mystery genre was not alien to him. The artist was a young Alfred Andriola, whose byline had recently appeared on the *Charlie Chan* strip, and who had once been Milton Caniff's secretary.

By contractual arrangement the syndicate was never to allow a credit other than Andriola's to appear on the strip—a fact that did not disturb the much-heralded Saunders—and was a policy that continued into the mid-1970s, when Andriola's longtime ghost artist, Sururi Gumen, received the signature credit he had long requested. Saunders himself scripted *Kerry Drake* into the early 1970s.

Through the years of handsome art on *Kerry* many ghost artists worked. Gumen, Fran Matera (twice), Jerry Robinson, and others were the artists who sometimes drew all the art, and sometimes left the faces for Andriola to ink.

It is a testament to Saunders's talents while he worked anonymously (the arrangement was not even divulged when Andriola won the National Cartoonists Society Reuben award as best cartoonist), he was able to skillfully juggle several disparate styles of writing: humor (*Chief Wahoo*); melodrama (*Apple Mary*); soap-opera (*Mary Worth*); adventure (*Steve Roper and Mike Nomad*); and procedural/detective (*Kerry Drake*).

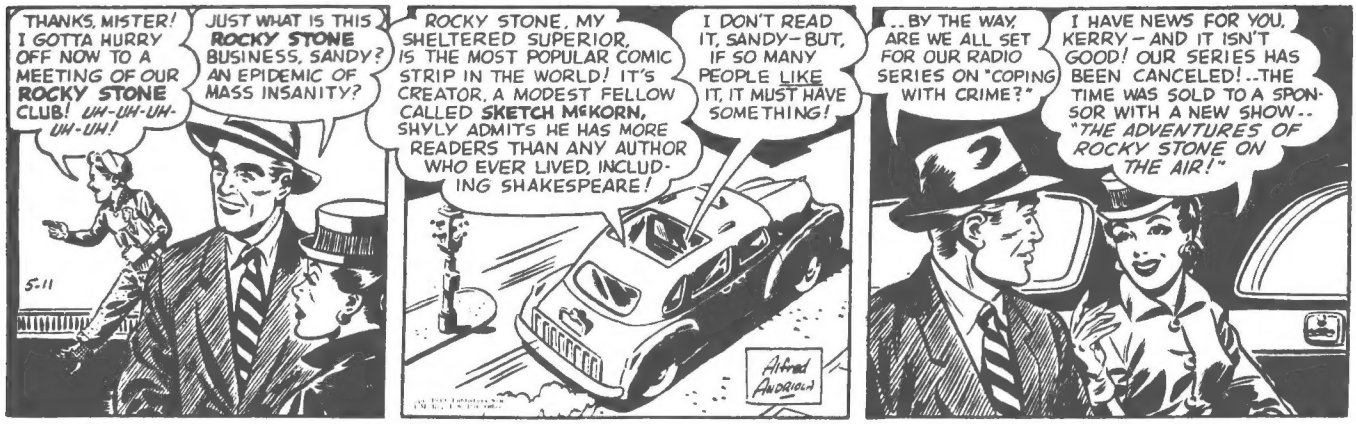
The following story is a nifty mystery from 1949, featuring the wiseguy cartoonist Sketch McKorn. Of all the detective strips that rivaled *Dick Tracy*, Saunders's *Kerry Drake* devised the most memorable villains, and this tale is no exception with Deadpan. Along the way Saunders provides both insights and in-jokes on his profession (he had also once lampooned Al Capp in *Mary Worth* as Hal Rapp). The fanatical devotion of readers is noted, the comic-book phenomenon is kidded, the frivolous habits of cartoonists are lampooned (or documented: take your pick), and Saunder's own syndicate chiefs, Gene Conley and Harold Anderson, appear as the amalgamated syndicate exec, Mr. Conandy.

—*Rick Marschall*

Kerry Drake strips (5-9-49 to 8-6-49) from the collection of Matt Masterson.

RETURNING FROM WORK ON AN OUT-OF-TOWN CASE, KERRY DRAKE, CHIEF OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CRIME INVESTIGATION STAFF, IS MET AT THE AIRPORT BY HIS SECRETARY, SANDY BURNS...
WELCOME HOME, HERO!--AND WHO'S YOUR HARD-PRESSED FELLOW PASSENGER?
HI, SANDY!--HE LOOKS LIKE A BIG WHEEL ON WALL STREET--BUT HE PASSED HIS TIME IN THE PLANE READING SOME WILD-EYED COMIC STRIP. "ROCKY STONE"!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY BUSY ADULT CAN GET INVOLVED WITH SUCH--
5-9
Alfred Andriola
-STUFF!
ROCKY STONE
ROCKY STONE
ROCKY STONE

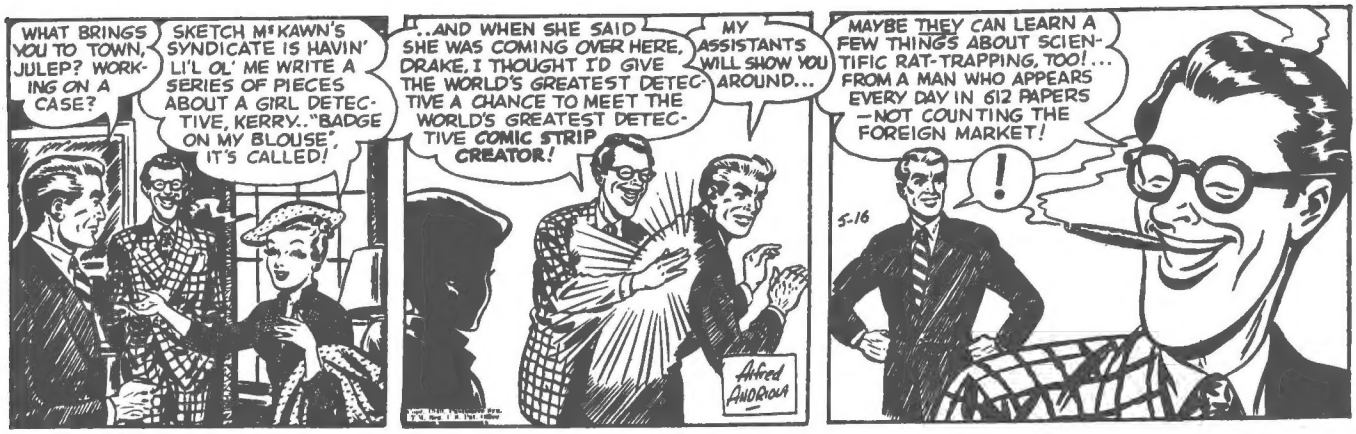
MY ROCKY STONE COMIC BOOKS! I HAD EIGHT AN' THEY ALL BLEW AWAY BUT TWO AN' IT'S YOUR FAULT!
BETTER SETTLE THIS OUT OF COURT, CHIEF!
5-10
Alfred Andriola
RIGHT, SANDY! THE LAD HAS ME OVER A BARREL!--LOOK, SONNY! WILL YOU CALL IT SQUARE IF I BUY YOU A TOY?
GEE! SURE THING, MISTER! IF Y'LL BUY ME ONE OF THOSE!
Out today! The new ROCKY STONE GANG BUST
ROCKY STONE MECHANICAL DOLLS $1.25
ROCKY STONE GENUINE BADGE
ROCKY STONE HANDCUFF SET
ROCKY STONE


THANKS, MISTER! I GOTTA HURRY OFF NOW TO A MEETING OF OUR ROCKY STONE CLUB! UH-UH-UH-UH-UH!
JUST WHAT IS THIS ROCKY STONE BUSINESS, SANDY? AN EPIDEMIC OF MASS INSANITY?
5-11
ROCKY STONE, MY SHELTERED SUPERIOR, IS THE MOST POPULAR COMIC STRIP IN THE WORLD! IT'S CREATOR, A MODEST FELLOW CALLED SKETCH McKORN, SHYLY ADMITS HE HAS MORE READERS THAN ANY AUTHOR WHO EVER LIVED, INCLUDING SHAKESPEARE!
I DON'T READ IT, SANDY—BUT, IF SO MANY PEOPLE LIKE IT, IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING!
Alfred Andriola
..BY THE WAY, ARE WE ALL SET FOR OUR RADIO SERIES ON "COPING WITH CRIME?"
I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU, KERRY—AND IT ISN'T GOOD! OUR SERIES HAS BEEN CANCELED!..THE TIME WAS SOLD TO A SPONSOR WITH A NEW SHOW.. "THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY STONE ON THE AIR!"

..AS A MATTER OF FACT, KERRY, SKETCH McKORN'S RESEARCH MAN OFTEN COMES TO THE OFFICE TO CHECK DETAILS IN THE COMIC STRIP FOR ACCURACY ON POLICE METHODS! I ALWAYS LET ONE OF YOUR MEN HELP HIM OUT!
SO...IN A WAY... WE'RE HELPING TO CREATE THIS FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
WHY, KERRY! YOU'RE JEALOUS! ARE YOU SURE IT'S NOT BECAUSE "ROCKY STONE" IS MORE FAMOUS THAN YOU ARE?
DON'T TALK TRIPE, SANDY! ...DRIVER! WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE?
CROSSIN' BLOCKED, SIR! GUESS Y'LL HAVE TO SIT AN' GAZE AT THE SCENERY!
5-12
Alfred Andriola
DON'T MISS ROCKY STONE CRIMEBUSTER IN LOCKJAW AHEAD IT TODAY IN THE DAILY PRESS!
DAILY PRESS

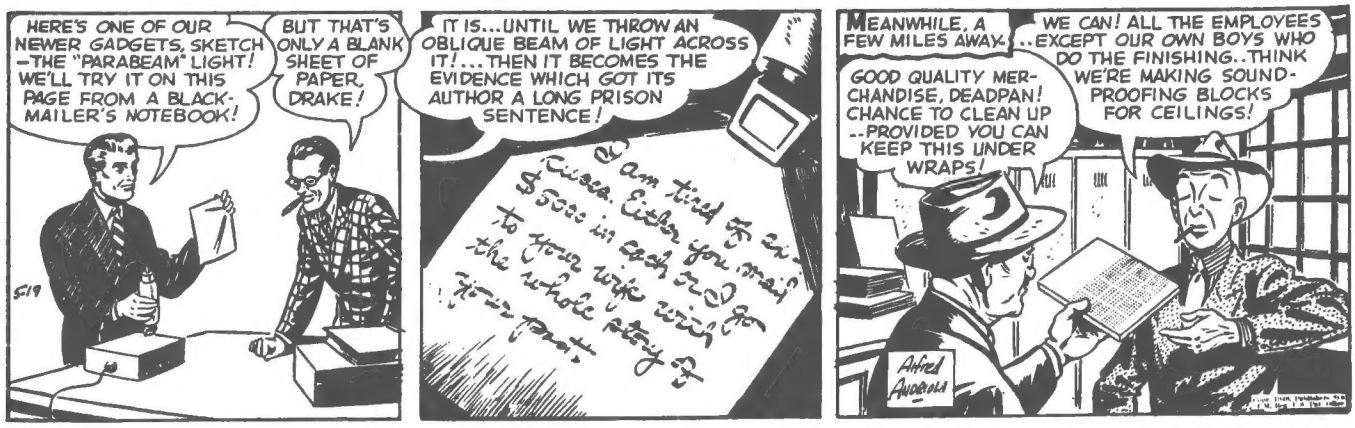
WE'VE REALLY MISSED YOU, KERRY.. BUT YOU'LL FIND THINGS PRETTY WELL UNDER CONTROL, I THINK! HERE ARE REPORTS ON CLOSED CASES—AND GABBY O'TOOLE CAN BRIEF YOU ON NEW ONES!
GOOD! WITH A STAFF LIKE I'VE GOT, I COULD TAKE A 52-WEEK VACATION EVERY YEAR, SANDY!
5-13
I'LL SEE HOW MR O'TOOLE IS GETTING ALONG WITH...
Alfred Andriola
GABBY!
ROCKY STONE CRIMEBUSTER
AMERICA'S SKETCHIEST DETECTIVE NO GUNS

DOING RESEARCH, GABBY?
AW NOW, CHIEF! I'M ON MY LUNCH HOUR! AN' IT HELPS ME TO RELAX—READIN' TH' CRAZY STUFF SKETCH McKORN DREAMS UP FOR ROCKY STONE T'DO!
ROCKY STONE CRIMEBUSTER
AMERICA'S SKETCHIEST DETECTIVE NO GUNS
WELL, SUPPOSE WE FORGET ROCKY STONE AND SKETCH McKORN FOR A WHILE AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS...
I HATE TO INTERRUPT, KERRY—BUT YOU HAVE CALLERS! REMEMBER JULEP FROST, THE HONEY-DRAWLING LITTLE GAL GUMSHOE FROM DIXIE...?
5-14
WELL... SHE'S HERE ..WITH GUESS WHOM?!!
Alfred Andriola


WHAT BRINGS YOU TO TOWN, JULEP? WORKING ON A CASE?
SKETCH McKAWN'S SYNDICATE IS HAVIN' LI'L OL' ME WRITE A SERIES OF PIECES ABOUT A GIRL DETECTIVE, KERRY.. "BADGE ON MY BLOUSE", IT'S CALLED!
..AND WHEN SHE SAID SHE WAS COMING OVER HERE, DRAKE, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE A CHANCE TO MEET THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE COMIC STRIP CREATOR!
MY ASSISTANTS WILL SHOW YOU AROUND...
MAYBE THEY CAN LEARN A FEW THINGS ABOUT SCIENTIFIC RAT-TRAPPING, TOO!... FROM A MAN WHO APPEARS EVERY DAY IN 612 PAPERS —NOT COUNTING THE FOREIGN MARKET!
5-16
Alfred Andriola

I CAN SEE I'VE BEEN UNDERESTIMATING YOU, MR. McKORN! YOU PROBABLY KNOW MORE ABOUT DETECTIVE WORK THAN I DO!
YEP! CAN'T FOOL OL' SKETCH ON ANYTHING CONNECTED WITH MODERN POLICE METHODS!
I'LL SHAKE ON THAT!
A PLEASURE, SIR! A REAL PLEAS....
5-17
WHAT IN..?
THE HAND IS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT WE CALL "MOULAGE", MR. McKORN! SUPPOSE WE START OUR CRIME DETECTION COURSE WITH THAT!
Alfred Andriola

GREAT STRIDES HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE USE OF MOULAGE RECENTLY, SKETCH!..THIS WAX CAST OF TOOTHMARKS IN AN APPLE SENT A KILLER TO THE CHAIR!
5-18
WE ALSO USE IT TO FILE FOOTPRINTS, PRINTS OF CLOTH, FEATURES OF UNIDENTIFIED BODIES ---AND MARKS LEFT BY BURGLARS' TOOLS!..SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL CATCH A MAN WITH THE TOOLS THAT MADE THOSE MARKS!
KEEP IT UP, KERRY, M'LAD!... YOU'RE TALKING TO 99,887,006 READERS!
WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
NICE LITTLE PLANT, DEADPAN!
YEAH! AN' WE LEASED IT FOR PEANUTS!... COME IN AN' GIVE OUR PRODUCT THE DOUBLE-O!
Alfred Andriola


HERE'S ONE OF OUR NEWER GADGETS, SKETCH —THE "PARABEAM" LIGHT! WE'LL TRY IT ON THIS PAGE FROM A BLACKMAILER'S NOTEBOOK!
BUT THAT'S ONLY A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER, DRAKE!
5-19
IT IS...UNTIL WE THROW AN OBLIQUE BEAM OF LIGHT ACROSS IT!... THEN IT BECOMES THE EVIDENCE WHICH GOT ITS AUTHOR A LONG PRISON SENTENCE!
I am tired of ex- tortion. Either you mail $5000 in cash or I go to your wife with the whole story of your past.
MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY...
GOOD QUALITY MERCHANDISE, DEADPAN! CHANCE TO CLEAN UP --PROVIDED YOU CAN KEEP THIS UNDER WRAPS!
WE CAN! ALL THE EMPLOYEES ..EXCEPT OUR OWN BOYS WHO DO THE FINISHING..THINK WE'RE MAKING SOUNDPROOFING BLOCKS FOR CEILINGS!
Alfred Andriola

THE SPECTROGRAPH IS ONE OF OUR FINEST TOOLS, SKETCH! HERE, MY ASSISTANT IS BURNING A SPECK OF AUTO PAINT, LEFT AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME!
Alfred Andriola
WE GET A CHART OF SPECTRAL LINES WHICH TELLS US THE EXACT CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE PAINT!
5-20
COMPARING THIS WITH PAINT SAMPLES WE KEEP ON FILE FROM ALL STANDARD CARS, WE CAN TELL THE MAKE, MODEL AND YEAR OF THE SUSPECT CAR!
THEN, WE'RE ABLE TO TRACE THE DIGITS OF THE SERIAL NUMBER!
IT'S LUCKY YOU DIDN'T LIVE IN OLD SALEM, CHUM BOY! THEY'D HAVE BURNED YOU FOR PRACTISING WITCHCRAFT!

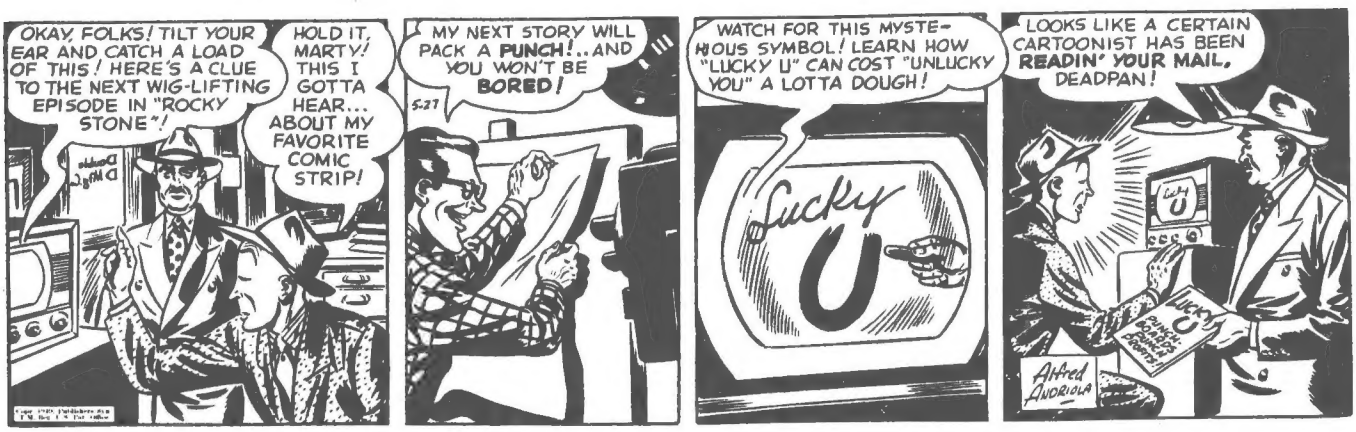
SEEN ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY, SKETCH?
I'VE GOT IDEAS RUNNING OUT OF MY EARS, CHUM BOY! ALL I NEED NOW IS A GOOD NEW RACKET ...NOT TOO COMPLICATED... TO HANG MY NEXT STORY ON!
HERE'S ONE THAT JUST TURNED UP IN JERSEY.. VERY CUTE AND VERY SIMPLE..!
BEG PAHDON.. HAVE YOU ALL FO'GOTTEN ABOUT LI'L OL' ME?
THE RAW MATERIAL SEEMS TO BE OKAY, DEADPAN! NOW LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE FINISHED ARTICLE!
5-21
FOLLOW ME...WE KEEP THAT PART OF THE FACTORY LOCKED AND GUARDED!
Alfred Andriola

GO AHEAD, KERRY! BRIEF ME ON THE PUNCH-BOARD CAPER! SOUNDS LIKE PETTY LARCENY STUFF, BUT MAYBE I COULD MAKE SOMETHING OF IT!
AND SKETCH McKORN IS NOT THE ONLY ONE INTERESTED IN PUNCH-BOARDS!
WE STAMP OUT THE HOLES IN EACH BOARD WITH ONE OPERATION, MARTY!
5-23
THIS MACHINE CRIMPS A WHOLE SHEET OF NUMBERS AT A TIME, AND THESE ARE MECHANICALLY STUCK INTO THE HOLES IN THE BOARD... SEE?
I FOLLOW YOU, DEADPAN!
WE THEN GLUE ON THE PRINTED COVER...AND HERE'S THE FINISHED ARTICLE! WITH SOMETHING IN THIS ENVELOPE THAT MAKES EVERY BOARD WORTH A C-NOTE!
BRINGS LUCK
No. WINS JACKPOT 100.00 cash

THIS NEW PUNCH-BOARD RACKET IS ABSURDLY SIMPLE, SKETCH... BUT IT WORKS!... IT STARTS WITH A DISHONEST MANUFACTURER...
Alfred Andriola
..WHO SUPPLIES THESE BOARDS TO CROOKS...THEY IN TURN SELL THEM AT CUT RATES TO UNSUSPECTING SHOPKEEPERS!
THE LUCK
BRINGS LUCK TO YOU!
ALL CASH PRIZES!
No. 113 WINS JACKPOT $100.00 cash
SOON AFTER THE BOARD GOES ON THE COUNTER, A CONFEDERATE APPEARS, WITH AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE JACKPOT NUMBER PALMED! HE PUNCHES A FEW NUMBERS... UNFOLDS THE JACKPOT SLIP... COLLECTS $100...AND GOES ON TO THE NEXT VICTIM!
SWEET SIOUX CITY!... MAYBE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE GIMMICK FOR MY NEXT "ROCKY STONE" EPIC! WHY ...I CAN TURN THIS INTO A CRUSADE!
5-24

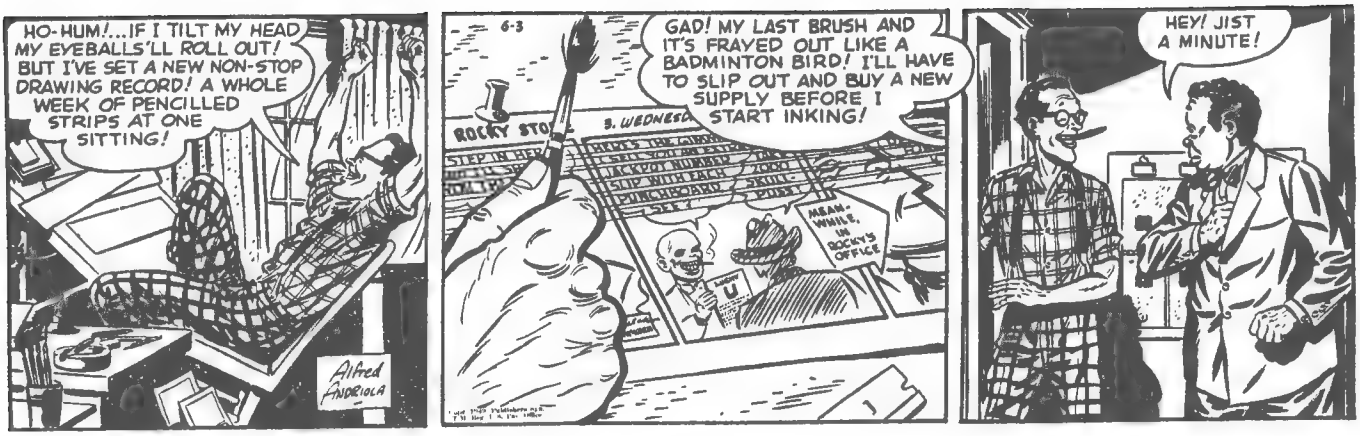
IN THE OFFICE OF THE DOUBLE-D NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY...
I LIKE THE LAYOUT, DEADPAN! SHIP ME 1000 BOARDS..WITH DUPLICATE JACKPOT SLIPS...TO MY WEST COAST ADDRESS!
WILL DO, MARTY-ONLY DON'T SELL ANY -- BEFORE TWO MONTHS FROM TODAY!
PROFITS from PUNCH-BOARDS
ONCE THE SUCKERS GET WISE, THE GIMMICK'S NO GOOD! SO ALL YOU BOYS WAIT TILL THE DEADLINE TO START WORKIN'! THEN UNLOAD FAST! WE'VE ONLY MADE A TEST RUN IN JERSEY- TO GET THE BUGS OUT!
Alfred Andriola
MEANWHILE
EGAD! TEMPUS FIDGETS, KERRY! SORRY TO END THIS CLASS IN ROGUE-TRAPPING- BUT I HAVE TO DRAW ON TELEVISION! CAN'T KEEP MY EAGER FANS WAITING!
SANDY TELLS ME I'M ON THE SAME VIDEO PROGRAM- SPEAKING ON SAVINGS BONDS! I'LL GO WITH YOU AND JULEP, SKETCH!
5-25

READY, MR. DRAKE!
OKAY, CHUM BOY! GIVE 'EM THE MEAT AN' POTATOES!... THEN OL' SKETCH WILL SERVE THE DESSERT!
WE BRING YOU NOW THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, KERRY DRAKE, WITH A BRIEF, BUT VITAL, MESSAGE!
Alfred Andriola
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.. IT IS OUR BUSINESS IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE TO SAFEGUARD YOUR SECURITY! WE DO OUR BEST, BUT YOU, TOO, CAN HELP!
BY SIGNING UP FOR THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN WHERE YOU WORK, OR FOR A BOND A MONTH AT YOUR BANK, YOU CAN SLEEP SOUNDLY, ASSURED THAT NO THIEF CAN STEAL YOUR NESTEGG- AND THAT IN 10 YEARS THERE WILL BE FOUR EGGS IN THE NEST FOR EVERY THREE YOU PUT THERE!
5/26
BE A MODERN '49ER! JOIN THE ONLY GOLD RUSH WHERE EVERYONE STRIKES IT RICH-- OUR FOREFATHERS CROSSED A CONTINENT TO FIND OPPORTUNITY! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO CROSS THE STREET TO BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS!


OKAY, FOLKS! TILT YOUR EAR AND CATCH A LOAD OF THIS! HERE'S A CLUE TO THE NEXT WIG-LIFTING EPISODE IN "ROCKY STONE"!
HOLD IT, MARTY! THIS I GOTTA HEAR... ABOUT MY FAVORITE COMIC STRIP!
MY NEXT STORY WILL PACK A PUNCH!.. AND YOU WON'T BE BORED!
5-27
WATCH FOR THIS MYSTE-RIOUS SYMBOL! LEARN HOW "LUCKY U" CAN COST "UNLUCKY YOU" A LOTTA DOUGH!
Lucky U
LOOKS LIKE A CERTAIN CARTOONIST HAS BEEN READIN' YOUR MAIL, DEADPAN!
Lucky U Punch-Boards Dealers
Alfred Andriola

IF I CAN EVER BE OF ASSISTANCE AGAIN, LET ME KNOW, SKETCH!
THANKS, KERRY, BUT I'LL NOT NEED POLICE HELP AGAIN SOON!.. C'MON, JULEP! LET'S GO TELL THE SYNDICATE BRASS HATS ABOUT MY COLOSSAL IDEA FOR A "ROCKY STONE" STORY!
TELEVISION Studio D EXIT
5-28
I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE PUNCH-BOARD RACKET UNDER COVER, DEADPAN! HOW COME THAT CARTOONIST KNOWS SO MUCH?
WE TRIED OUT A FEW OF THE BOARDS IN JERSEY- SOMEBODY MUST HAVE FIGURED OUT OUR DUPLICATE JACKPOT NUMBER GAG AND TIPPED HIM OFF!
SO HE'S GONNA PUT IT IN THE FUNNY PAPERS? LOTSA PEOPLE READ WHAT SKETCH McKORN WRITES!
MAYBE HE NEEDS A LECTURE... A HEALTH LECTURE! ...CHUBBY! COME IN HERE! I GOT A JOB FOR YOU!
ATLA

REFUSED SKETCH'S ADDRESS AT THE SYNDICATE, CHUBBY HAS FOUND THE FAMOUS CARTOONIST OUTSIDE THE OFFICE, UP TO HIS ARMPITS IN ADORING FANS!
5-30
ATLANTIC FEATURE SYNDICATE
NICE GOIN'!.. NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS FOLLA HIM HOME!
Alfred Andriola
SCATTAH, YOU SMALL FRY!--- MISTAH McKAWN HAS BUSINESS WITH HIS BOSSES!
THE BIG BRASS CAN WAIT, JULEP! THESE ARE MY REAL BOSSES!
LUCKY KIDS!... IF I HAVE TO BUMP HIM OFF, I'M GONNA ASK HIM TO SIGN ME AN AUTOGRAFT BEFORE I DO THE JOB!
ROCKY STONE
IT'LL BE MY GREATEST STORY, MR. CONANDY! EVEN MORE TERRIFIC THAN MY LAST ONE... IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!
CAN'T YOU TELL ME A LITTLE MORE, SKETCH? ...WHAT'S THE RACKET? IS THE VILLAIN'S NAME UNUSUAL, SO HE'LL CATCH ON WITH THE RADIO COMEDIANS?.. DOES IT HAVE GIMMICKS?... IS THERE A SCREWY CHARAC—
PATIENCE, PREXY, PATIENCE! JUST SEND OUT THIS TEASER FOR PROMOTION ADS... THEN SIT BACK AND LET MY CREATIVE GENIUS RUN ITS COURSE!
BEWARE THIS SYMBOL
LUCKY U
THE LUCK IT BRINGS IS BAD!
STARTING SOON
"ROCKY STONE"
Sketch McKORN
Alfred Andriola
I'M GOING HOME AND START WORK —WHILE THE MUSE IS CARESSING MY BROW!
AH'M CUTTIN' IN ON THAT MUSE TOMORROW NIGHT, SUGAH-FOOT! WE'VE GOT A LI'L OL' DINNER DATE!.. RECALL?
ATLANTIC FEATURE SYNDICATE
5-31
THAT CAR WAS AS EASY TO FOLLER AS A CIRCUS PARADE, MAC!
YEAH!... NOW DRIVE ME TO THIS ADDRESS —THE DOUBLE-D NOVELTY MANNAFACTURIN' COMPANY!
TAXI
6-1
Alfred Andriola
I LITHP EXCEPT WHEN I THAY ITHACA!
INSIDE, LATER
ROCKY STONE
VILLAINS, MALE
FISH
EIGHT-BALL
"SKULL-PUSS"! I'VE HAD YOU ON ICE FOR MONTHS!.. YOU CAN BE THE VILLAIN IN MY PUNCH-BOARD PLOT!
SKULL PUSS
JULEP! NICE MEETING THE OWNER OF MY FAVORITE DRAWL AGAIN SO SOON!
AH KINDA MOSEYED PAST HERE, EXPECTIN' TO SEE YOU, KERRY! AH WANTED TO THANK Y'ALL FOR BEIN' SO SWEET TO SKETCH McKAWN! GUYS LIKE HIM CAN BE HELPFUL!
CRIMIN
COURT
BUILD
1917
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO READ ABOUT PEN-AND-INK SLEUTHS... TOO BUSY BEING THE REAL ARTICLE... BUT I'M SURE THEY DO A LOT OF GOOD..EDUCATING PEOPLE TO RECOGNIZE A RACKET WHEN THEY MEET IT!
6-2
I FOUND WHERE SKETCH McKORN LIVES, DEADPAN!... DOWN IN THE VILLAGE!.. AN' BOY! I SURE WISHED I COULD'VE GOT HIS AUTOGRAFT!
GOOD! TOMORROW YOU GO BACK AND GET IT - ALONG WITH ALL THE DOPE YOU CAN PICK UP ON HIM!
Alfred Andriola


HO-HUM!...IF I TILT MY HEAD MY EYEBALLS'LL ROLL OUT! BUT I'VE SET A NEW NON-STOP DRAWING RECORD! A WHOLE WEEK OF PENCILLED STRIPS AT ONE SITTING!
Alfred Andriola
6-3
GAD! MY LAST BRUSH AND IT'S FRAYED OUT LIKE A BADMINTON BIRD! I'LL HAVE TO SLIP OUT AND BUY A NEW SUPPLY BEFORE I START INKING!
MEAN-WHILE, IN ROCKY'S OFFICE
HEY! JIST A MINUTE!

UH..WOULD YOU...BE SO GOOD AS..
SORRY! I WAS JUST GOING OUT-AND I DON'T CARE TO BUY ANYTHING!
6-4
OH, SIR!...I AM NOT A PEDDLER! I AM PRESIDENT OF THE "HOBOKEN LOYAL FANS OF ROCKY STONE" AN' THE MEMBERS SENT ME TO ASK YOU FOR A AUTOGRAFTED PITCHER OF OUR IDOL TO DISPLAY IN OUR CLUB ROOM!
WELL...STEP BACK TO MY STUDIO AND I'LL SIGN AN OLD ORIGINAL STRIP!
I WAS HOPIN' YOU WOULD SAY THAT, MR. Mc KORN!
Alfred Andriola

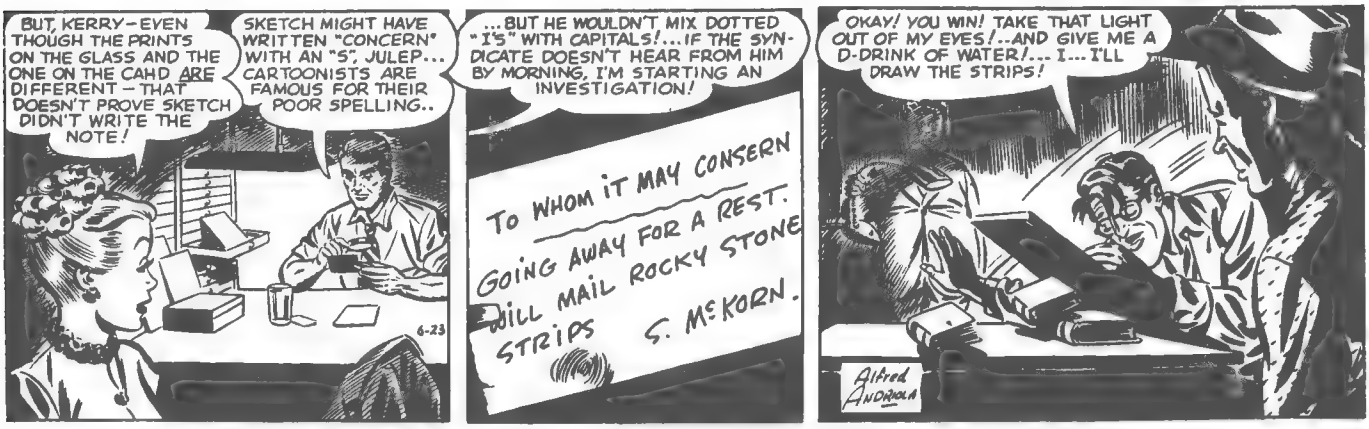
KERRY DRAKE HAS GIVEN A COMIC ARTIST, SKETCH Mc KORN, THE FACTS ON A PUNCH-BOARD SWINDLE TO USE IN HIS DETECTIVE STRIP-AND A REAL LIFE RACKETEER HAS SENT A HENCHMAN TO CHECK UP...
GEE! THANKS FOR THE AUTOGRAFTED STRIP, MR. Mc KORN... AN' I'M SORRY I KINDA PEEKED AT THEM STRIPS THAT AIN'T BEEN PRINTED YET!
NO HARM DONE! I'M SURE A LOYAL FAN LIKE YOU WON'T TELL WHAT YOU SAW!
6-6
Alfred Andriola
HAW, HAW! LIKE TAKIN' A TEDDY BEAR AWAY FROM A BABY! I COULD'VE BUMPED HIM OFF RIGHT THERE, IF THE BOSS HAD SAID TO!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! IF I RUB HIM OUT..THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE "ROCKY STONE" STRIP TO READ!..AN THAT'D BE AWFUL!

I WENT OUT 'N THE VILLAGE TO "SKETCH" Mc KORN'S STUDIO, BOSS, AN' NOODLED AROUND.. AN' I FOUND OUT PLENTY!
SPREAD IT OUT AND LET ME LOOK AT IT, CHUBBY!
HE SURE MUST HAVE YOUR WIRE TAPPED! THE STORY HE'S WORKIN' ON IS ALL ABOUT "LUCKY U" PUNCH-BOARDS!..AN' HOW A CERTAIN RACKETEER MILKS 'EM WITH DUPLICATE COPIES OF THE JACK-POT NUMBER!
BUT THAT AIN'T ALL, DEADPAN!
Alfred Andriola
..THE VILLYUN IS NAMED "SKULL-PUSS"...WHICH SURE COMES CLOSE TO YOUR HANDLE... DON'T IT?
6-7

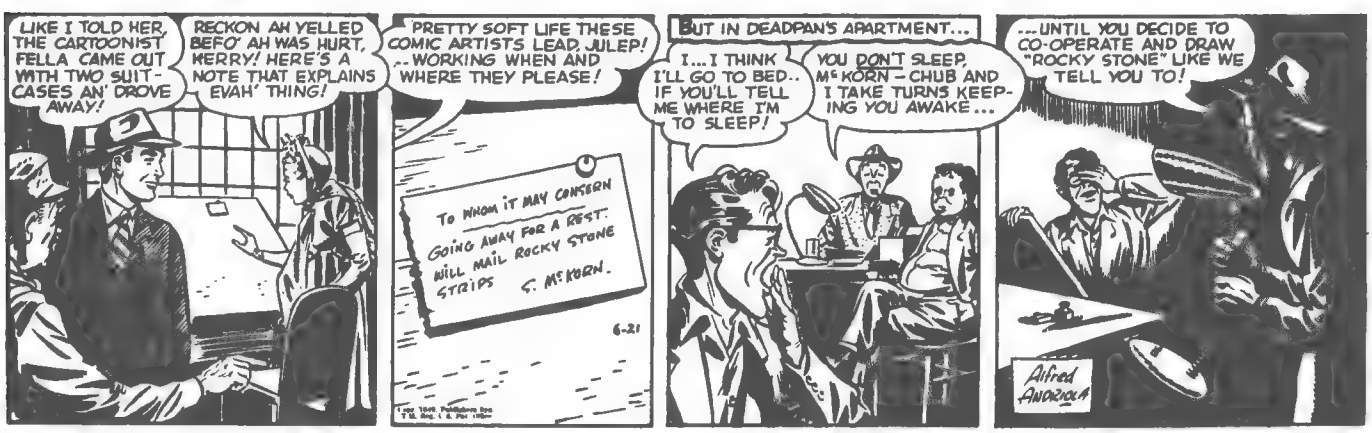
DON'T FORGET KERRY.. YOU PROMISED TO SPEAK AT THAT BOY SCOUT RALLY THIS AFTERNOON!
I'LL BE THERE, SANDY... AND, ACCORDING TO THE PAPER, SO WILL SKETCH McKORN... TO TALK ON "FIGHTING CRIME WITH A COMIC STRIP"!
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF HE ISN'T TAKING A BIG RISK—EXPOSING THE TRICKS OF THE UNDERWORLD!
THE UNDERWORLD PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW HE EXISTS! MOST CROOKS READ RACETRACK NEWS—NOT COMICS!
6-8
I'VE LOST SLEEP FOR TWO NIGHTS OVER THIS, CHUBBY! GET THE CAR! WE'RE GOING TO CORK A CERTAIN CARTOONIST'S INK BOTTLE—WITH A .45 CALIBER SLUG!
UH... DEADPAN... YOU'RE THE BOSS.. AN' IF YOU SAY LUMP THE GUY, I LUMP HIM.. BUT I BEEN THINKIN'... NO "SKETCH" McKORN... NO MORE EXCITIN' "ROCKY STONE" COMICS!
STOP BLEATING, CHUBBY! HE'S COMING TO THE DOOR! GO INTO YOUR ACT!
NO! NOT YOU AGAIN!
YOU TREATED ME SO SWELL, I CAME BACK AN' BRUNG A FRIEND WHICH IS ALSO NUTS ABOUT ART!
SORRY! I'M TOO BUSY TO SEE ANYONE!
6-9
WHAT'S THE IDEA? IF THIS IS A STICK-UP...!
IT'S NOT, McKORN! WE'RE HERE REPRESENTING YOUR PUBLIC!
Y'SEE... IF YOU INSIST ON USING THIS PUNCH BOARD GIMMICK, SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT NOT BE SO FRIENDLY!... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
NOW, LOOK HERE! I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH CHARACTERS LIKE YOU!
REAL TORPEDOES AREN'T AS EASY TO HANDLE AS THE KIND YOU DREAM UP!... PLAY SOMETHING LOUD ON THAT PHONOGRAPH, CHUB!
NO! PLEASE, BOSS! I JIST CAN'T LET YA DO IT!
6-10
STAND OUT OF THE WAY, CHUB ...UNLESS YOU WANT A QUICK HOLE IN THE HEART!
PLEASE, DEADPAN! DO WE HAFTA SCRAG HIM? COULDN'T WE KEEP HIM ...LIKE A PET, MAYBE?... HE COULD SIT AROUND IN A CAGE... AN KEEP ON DRAWIN' "ROCKY STONE"!
"KEEP HIM LIKE A PET" HUH? CHUBBY, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THAT THING ON YOUR HEAD LIGHTS UP LIKE A THOUSAND-WATT BULB! YOU'RE CRAZY IDEA GAVE ME A CORKER! RELAX, EVERYBODY!
6-11
MEANWHILE
THE BOYS ARE TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE "SKETCH" McKORN HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR THE PROGRAM, MR. DRAKE!
THUD!
I HAPPEN TO HAVE HIS UNLISTED TELEPHONE NUMBER... IF YOU WANT ME TO CALL...?

DEADPAN! THAT CALL IS FROM KERRY DRAKE, THE D.A.'S NUMBER-ONE BOY! S'POSE McKORN SAYS SOMETHING THAT'LL TELL DRAKE WE'RE HOLDING HIM PRISONER?
THAT'D TAKE A GUY WITH BRAINS OR GUTS- THIS PEN PUSHER'S GOT NEITHER!
ROCKY STONE
6-13
I'M WAITING TO HEAR YOUR ALIBI FOR DISAPPOINTING 5000 BOY SCOUTS, SKETCH!
J-J-JUST... BEHIND SCHEDULE, MR. DRAKE! THAT'S ALL! S-SORRY!
Alfred Andriola
IT'S NO USE! IF "ROCKY STONE" HAD BEEN IN A SPOT LIKE THIS, I COULD'VE THOUGHT OF A DOZEN SMART WAYS TO TIP OFF THE POLICE!... BUT... WHEN THE REAL CLUTCH COMES, MY BRAIN IS MUD!...TAKE ME AWAY!
FUNNY! SKETCH McKORN SAID HE MISSED HIS APPOINTMENT HERE BECAUSE HE WAS BEHIND ON HIS SCHEDULE! ...BUT HE SOUNDED... PECULIAR!
TELEPHONES
DON'T EXPECT A COMIC ARTIST TO BE NORMAL, MR. DRAKE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY, THEY SAY, BUT IT HELPS!
MEANWHILE - IN McKORN'S GREENWICH VILLAGE STUDIO...
PACK SOME CLOTHES FOR OUR HOUSE GUEST NOW, CHUBBY! IF YOU'RE SURE WE'VE GOT ALL THE ART SUPPLIES HE'LL NEED FOR A MONTH OR TWO!
DON'T WORRY, DEADPAN! I GATHERED UP EVERYTHING THAT WAS LOOSE!
6-14
YES - EVERYTHING EXCEPT A BOX WHICH HAD FALLEN UNNOTICED TO THE FLOOR!
BONDS FINEST RED SABLE BRUSHES
Alfred Andriola
BUT.. DEADPAN! AIN'T IT LIKELY T'CAUSE TALK IF PEOPLE SEE US DRAGGIN' McKORN OUTA HIS OWN HOUSE?
WE DON'T DRAG HIM, CHUBBY!.. HE WALKS OUT, CARRYING HIS LUGGAGE, AND GETS INTO OUR CAR - WHICH YOU'LL HAVE WAITING!
HE'LL LOOK LIKE A GUY STARTING OFF ON A TRIP! BUT I'LL BE COVERING HIM FROM THE DOOR.. AND IF HE TRIES TO LAM.. HE'LL FINISH THE TRIP BY AIR ..ON HIS OWN WING-POWER!
6-15
AND...5 MINUTES LATER...
SO FAR - PERFECT! NOW, DRIVE TO MY APARTMENT... AFTER I TIE THIS BLINDFOLD ON FUNNY BOY!
Alfred Andriola
OKAY, CHUBBY! TAKE OFF HIS BLINDERS!
THERE YOU ARE, McKORN! JUST LIKE HOME! SIT DOWN AND PUT THAT NEEDLE NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE!
TH' BOSS MEANS YA SHOULD START DRAWIN' "ROCKY STONE" STRIPS!
Alfred Andriola
YEAH! ONLY LAY OFF THAT PUNCHBOARD ANGLE!.. YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK UP A DIFFERENT STORY!
GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN LEAD SKETCH McKORN TO AN INKWELL BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM THINK! ...BEAT ME, BREAK MY ARM... OR MURDER ME!...BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME PUT ONE LINE ON PAPER!
GEE, BOSS! I THINK HE'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!
6-16

D-DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS, CHUBBY!... A (YAWN!) BIG CELEBRITY CAN'T D-DROP OUT OF SIGHT WITHOUT CAUSING T-TALK!
HA! I AIN'T DUMB, MISTER McKORN! I LEFT A MESSAGE IN YOUR STUDIO!
Alfred Andriola
AND IN DRAKE'S OFFICE
AH FEEL MUCH BETTAH ABOUT SKETCH, KERRY ---AFTER FINDIN' THAT CAHD ON HIS DRAWIN' BOA'D!.. SAY! WHAT EVAH ARE YOU DOIN,' HONEY?
RUNNING A TEST FOR PRINTS ON THIS GLASS I TOOK FROM HIS BATHROOM, JULEP! -TO SEE IF THEY MATCH THE ONE ON HIS NOTE!
6-22
...THERE ARE TWO POINTS WHICH MAKE ME DOUBT THAT McKORN EVER WROTE IT!
To whom it may consern
Going away for a rest.
Will mail Rocky Stone strips
S. McKorn.


BUT, KERRY—EVEN THOUGH THE PRINTS ON THE GLASS AND THE ONE ON THE CAHD ARE DIFFERENT—THAT DOESN'T PROVE SKETCH DIDN'T WRITE THE NOTE!
SKETCH MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN "CONCERN" WITH AN "S", JULEP... CARTOONISTS ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR POOR SPELLING..
6-23
...BUT HE WOULDN'T MIX DOTTED "I'S" WITH CAPITALS!...IF THE SYNDICATE DOESN'T HEAR FROM HIM BY MORNING, I'M STARTING AN INVESTIGATION!
To whom it may consern
Going away for a rest.
Will mail Rocky Stone strips
S. McKorn.
OKAY! YOU WIN! TAKE THAT LIGHT OUT OF MY EYES!--AND GIVE ME A D-DRINK OF WATER!... I... I'LL DRAW THE STRIPS!
Alfred Andriola

KERRY? IT'S JULEP! OUT NEAR SKETCH McKAWN'S APAHTMENT!--HE'S GONE! RUN CLEAN AWAY!
WAIT THERE! I'LL STOP OFF ON MY WAY HOME!
Alfred Andriola
MEANWHILE, IN DEADPAN'S HIDEOUT...
YOU GET WATER, CHOW AND GOOD CIGARS AS SOON AS YOU START BATTING OUT "ROCKY STONE" AGAIN, McKORN!--GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK! YOU DON'T WANTA WIND UP IN THE MORGUE—OR THE NUT HOUSE?
6-20


LIKE I TOLD HER, THE CARTOONIST FELLA CAME OUT WITH TWO SUITCASES AN' DROVE AWAY!
RECKON AH YELLED BEFO' AH WAS HURT, KERRY! HERE'S A NOTE THAT EXPLAINS EVAH' THING!
PRETTY SOFT LIFE THESE COMIC ARTISTS LEAD, JULEP! ..WORKING WHEN AND WHERE THEY PLEASE!
To whom it may consern
Going away for a rest.
Will mail Rocky Stone strips
S. McKorn.
6-21
BUT IN DEADPAN'S APARTMENT...
I... I THINK I'LL GO TO BED.. IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE I'M TO SLEEP!
YOU DON'T SLEEP, McKORN—CHUB AND I TAKE TURNS KEEPING YOU AWAKE...
...UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO CO-OPERATE AND DRAW "ROCKY STONE" LIKE WE TELL YOU TO!
Alfred Andriola

YOU HAD A BRIGHT IDEA, GENTLEMEN – MAKING ME TURN OUT "ROCKY STONE" HERE, SO MY DISAPPEARANCE WOULD CAUSE NO ALARM, BUT YOU OVERLOOKED ONE LITTLE POINT – YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DRAW!
WHY, YOU INK-STAINED CLOWN! I'LL –!
EASY ON THAT FLIPPER! I NEVER LEARNED TO HOLD A BRUSH WITH MY TOES!
HE'S GOT US PEEKIN' AROUND THE OLD EIGHT-BALL, DEADPAN!
6-17
Alfred ANDRIOLA
TELL MARIO TO START GRILLING SOME STEAKS – WITH THE KITCHEN DOOR OPEN! BUT PUT OUT A PLATE OF DRIED SALT FISH FOR FUNNY BOY!

I'M SORRY, MISS FROST! I'VE CALLED THE NUMBER SIX TIMES – THERE'S NO ANSWER!
SKETCH McKAWN HAS CLEAN FO'GOT ABOUT OUR DINNAH DATE – OR ELSE HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP OVAH HIS DRAWIN' BOAHD! GET ME A CAB, HONEY!
MEANWHILE
THIS IS A MIGHTY DELUSHIOUS HUNK OF STEER HIP, MR. McKORN!
DON'T THINK YOU CAN BREAK ME DOWN AS EASY AS THAT! I LIKE SALT FISH!
6-18
YEAH?.. BUT DEAD FISH DON'T HAVE TO SWIM, FUNNY BOY!... KEEP YOUR HOT LITTLE HANDS AWAY FROM THE WATER!
CRACK!
Alfred ANDRIOLA

THERE YOU ARE, McKORN! PENS, INK, PAPER.. EVERYTHING YOU NEED! SLAP OUT A WEEK OF "ROCKY STONE" STRIPS AND WE'LL MAIL 'EM TO YOUR SYNDICATE!
B-BUT WHAT SHALL I DRAW?
DRAW ANYTHING – JUST SO IT'S NOT ABOUT PUNCHBOARDS!
Alfred ANDRIOLA
I... I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA NOW --A GOOD IDEA!
ROCKY STONE 1. MONDAY
HOWDY! EVERYTHING LOVELY, PAT?
6-24

WELL, HERE'S A WEEK OF "ROCKY STONE" STRIPS, DEADPAN! THEY'RE NOT UP TO MY USUAL HIGH STANDARD, BUT...
HEY! THIS DON'T MAKE SENSE, MISTER McKORN!
DEADPAN TOLD ME THAT WASN'T NECESSARY, CHUBBY!
MONDAY JUNE 20
FUNNY THING MR STONE, EVEN CROOKS SMILE AT ME!
HA! EVERYBODY LOVES POLICEMEN!
FEELS LIKE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM TO ME!
HARK! EAVESDROPPE LETS PLAY
SKETCH McKORN
Alfred ANDRIOLA
WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE THE STUFF MAKES TOO MUCH SENSE!
6-25

TRY TO PLAY ME FOR A SAP, WOULD YOU, McKORN... WRITING ALL ROCKY STONE'S BALLOONS IN THAT MONDAY STRIP SO THE FIRST LETTERS WOULD SPELL OUT "HELP"!
GET UP AND DRAW A NEW ONE BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!
TH' MAIL JIST CAME, DEADPAN!
Alfred Andriola
HAVE IT SENT TO MY OFFICE AFTER THIS, CHUB! WE DON'T WANT ANY POSTMEN NOSING AROUND WHILE FUNNY BOY IS HERE!
6-27
THAT MAIL WOULD HAVE THIS ADDRESS ON IT! I'VE GOT TO GET A LOOK AT IT ... SOMEHOW!
6-28
CONFOUND THAT ERASER!
THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN I'M RUSHING TO MEET A DEADLINE!
Alfred Andriola
P. DICKSON 107 PARK ST. NEW
THERE'S A SUBSTITUTE MONDAY STRIP TO REPLACE THE ONE YOU TORE UP! BETTER HURRY AND GET THE DRAWINGS IN THE MAIL!
YA PUT IN A NEW CHARACTER - A COMICAL BARFLY! HE'S A DILLY, TOO!
HOLD IT, CHUB! LET ME TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT NEW CHARACTER!
Alfred Andriola
107
PARK
ST
WHA' HOPPEN', MR. STONE?
NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU, McKORN! THIS TIME YOU TRIED TO HIDE THE ADDRESS, 107 PARK STREET, IN THE FACE OF THAT LUSH!... SORRY! ...NO SALE!
6-29
R-R-RIP!
IT'S MR. CONANDY, HEAD OF ATLANTIC FEATURES, KERRY! HE SAYS SKETCH McKORN'S STRIPS ARRIVED TODAY BY MAIL - WITH NO RETURN ADDRESS - AND THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THEM!
TELL HIM I'M COMING OVER AND HAVE A LOOK AT THEM, SANDY!
6/30
Alfred Andriola
MEAN-WHILE
73K! 73K! McKORN IS SURE WORE OUT, DEADPAN! HE AIN'T WAKED UP SINCE HE FINISHED THOSE STRIPS WE MAILED!
WAKE HIM UP AND START HIM DRAWING ANOTHER WEEK OF "ROCKY STONE"!
WE'LL KEEP HIM TURNING THE STUFF OUT TILL WE'VE SQUEEZED THE PUNCH-BOARD RACKET DRY - THEN I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM AWAY FOR A LONG REST!

HERE ARE THE STRIPS, MR. DRAKE! MAILED FROM SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY! THE COPY AND DRAWING ARE TERRIBLE – BUT THE SIGNATURE IS SKETCH McKORN'S ALL RIGHT!
THE LINES ON THAT MONDAY STRIP ARE ALL SHAKY– LIKE THE PO' BOY HAD PALSY!
IT'S NOT UNUSUAL FOR MEN LIKE SKETCH TO HAVE A NERVOUS COLLAPSE, JULEP!
Alfred Andriola
7-1
HERE, NOW! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET HYSTERICAL ABOUT THIS?
B-BUT-AH WAS BECOMIN' RIGHT FOND OF TH' GUY--AN..OH, KERRY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! AH KNOW SOMETHIN'S WRONG!

WE'VE GOT TO START SOME PLACE TO SEARCH FOR SKETCH. JULEP – AN' HIS STUDIO MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE!
OH, I HOPE SO, KERRY! ...THE SUPER WILL LET US IN!
SUPER
7-2
MEAN WHILE
GEE! I'M GLAD YOU COME HOME, DEADPAN! MR. McKORN AIN'T DRAWED A LINE ALL DAY!
WHAT'S THE PITCH, FUNNY BOY? ASKING FOR ANOTHER PUSHING AROUND?
YOU BROUGHT ONLY ONE BRUSH FROM MY STUDIO AND I'VE WORN IT OUT! ...I CAN'T INK ANOTHER STRIP TILL I GET NEW ONES!
Alfred Andriola

IN SKETCH McKORN'S STUDIO...
WHAT HAVE WE HERE, JULEP?
THEY'RE PHOTOSTATIC COPIES OF STRIPS, KERRY!.. SKETCH ALWAYS HAD A SET MADE!
7-4
THAT WAY, IF STRIPS GOT LOST HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO 'EM ALL OVAH AGAIN!
Alfred Andriola
BUT THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FOR THIS SET WERE BURNED IN THE FIREPLACE... AND I BEGIN TO SEE WHY!
POCKET

IN PHOTOSTATIC RECORDS AT SKETCH McKORN'S STUDIO, DRAKE AND JULEP HAVE FOUND THEIR FIRST DEFINITE CLUE!
THIS BEGINS TO ADD UP, JULEP! A SET OF STRIPS ABOUT THE PUNCH-BOARD RACKET IS BURNED IN THE FIREPLACE – AND THE CREATOR DISAPPEARS!..
7-5
POCKET
THEN SUBSTITUTE STRIPS ARE MAILED TO THE SYNDICATE –AND THEY'RE NOT ABOUT PUNCH-BOARDS!
SHH! KERRY! THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE FRONT DO'– USIN' A KEY!
Alfred Andriola

I DON'T HAVE A GUN, JULEP! BETTER SLIP UPSTAIRS TILL I SEE WHAT THIS CHARACTER WANTS!

Alfred Andriola

NOW, WHERE'N HECK WOULD YA LOOK FOR THEM CAMEL BRUSHES ...?
LOSE SOMETHING?

7-6

STEP OUT HERE UNDER THE SKYLIGHT, SO I CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT YOU!

AS KERRY AND CHUBBY MOVE OUT BELOW THE WINDOWS OF THE BEDROOM BALCONY, JULEP LIFTS A HEAVY POTTERY WATER BOTTLE ...
Alfred Andriola

7-7

HE'S COMING TO, JULEP!
WHERE'S SKETCH McKAWN?
I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT NUTHIN', SISTER!

I JIST DROPPED IN TO READ THE GAS METER!
STOP STALLING! McKORN WAS TAKEN OUT OF CIRCULATION BECAUSE HE WAS ABOUT TO EXPOSE THE "LUCKY-U" PUNCH-BOARD RACKET! WHERE IS HE?
Alfred Andriola

I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT NOTHIN'!
COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS! ... WHERE YOU'LL GIVE A SONG RECITAL, FAT MAN!
7-8

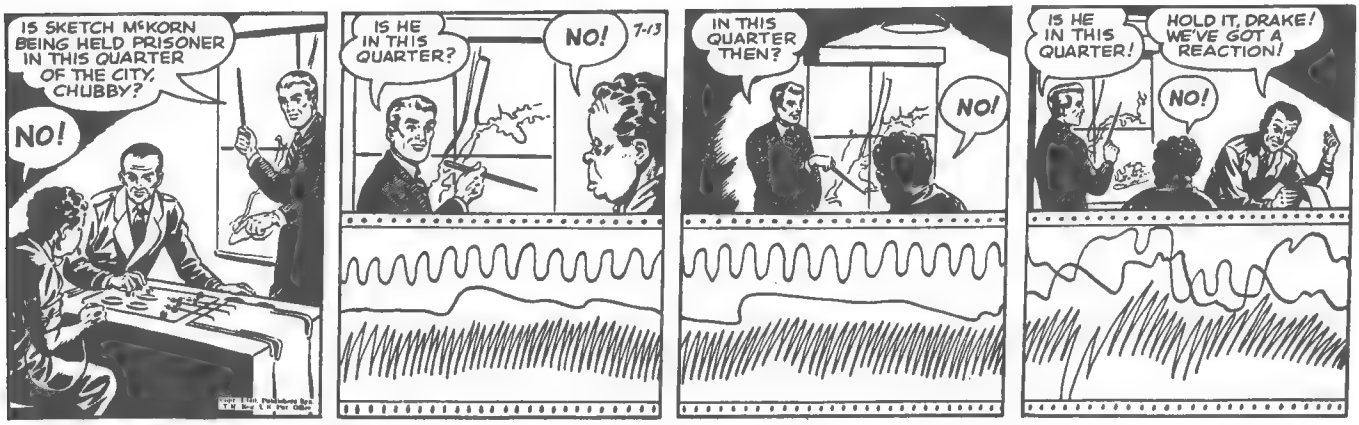
HERE HE IS IN OUR SNAPSHOT ALBUM, DRAKE ...
THAT FITS, LIEUTENANT!.. ALL RIGHT, CHUB! WHERE IS DEADPAN HOLDING SKETCH McKORN?
I DON'T KNOW FROM NUTTIN'!
WAITE, CHARLES "CHUBBY"
WEIGHT 320 HEIGHT 5'10" HAIR BROWN EYES BROWN
ERRAND BOY FOR "DEADPAN DICKZEN — DEALER IN SLOT MACHINES, PUNCH BOARDS AND OTHER SHADY GAMBLING DEVICES."
RESTED MARCH 10, FOR ASSAULT, RELED.
TED JUNE,

HE'S LYIN', KERRY!
THERE'S A QUICK WAY TO FIND OUT, JULEP! ... WE'LL USE THE POLYGRAPH ON HIM!
7-9

USE A
WHAT?
Alfred Andriola

TO BREAK THE CASE OF SKETCH McKORN, MISSING COMIC STRIP ARTIST, KERRY DRAKE HAS USED THE LIE-DETECTOR ON A CAPTURED MOBSTER!
LOOK! THE POLYGRAPH PENS WENT CRAZY WHEN I ASKED CHUB IF HE KNEW WHERE McKORN IS!
7-11
OKAY, COPPERS! THAT'S ALL YER HOOTNANNY CAN GET OUTA ME!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, FAT MAN!
YEP! MINUTE I SEEN CHUBBY GOIN' INTO HEADQUARTERS, I SAYS: 'GIVE HIM FOUR-FIVE HOURS AN' HE'LL SPILL HIS SAWDUST!'"
DRY UP, SHORTY! GO OUT AND BUY A BAG OF CEMENT!
MEANWHILE

W-W-WHAT'S THIS TALK ABOUT CEMENT, DEADPAN?
THE COPS HAVE GOT CHUB ON THE GRILL, McKORN! SO THE BOYS AND I ARE GOING TO FADE—BUT YOU'LL STAY HERE UNDER A CEMENT BLANKET!
AT HEADQUARTERS...
I WON'T TALK! YA CAN'T MAKE ME!
YOU'LL TELL US WHERE SKETCH IS, AND WE'LL NOT EVEN MUSS YOUR HAIR! HANG IT THERE, MEN!
7-12
??????


IS SKETCH McKORN BEING HELD PRISONER IN THIS QUARTER OF THE CITY, CHUBBY?
NO!
IS HE IN THIS QUARTER?
NO!
7-13
IN THIS QUARTER THEN?
NO!
IS HE IN THIS QUARTER!
HOLD IT, DRAKE! WE'VE GOT A REACTION!
NO!

I SEE! YOU'RE GOIN' TO QUIZ HIM ON THAT SECTION OF TOWN NOW!
?
OKAY, CHUB! IS McKORN HERE?
NO!
7-14
BUT ON THE POLYGRAPH, THE FLUTTERING PENS CRY "HE LIES!"
AND, IN THE BASEMENT UNDER DEADPAN'S APARTMENT...
BUT WON'T SOMEBODY NOTICE A NEW PATCH OF CEMENT—SIX FEET LONG!
YEAH! YOU'VE GOT A POINT, SHORTY!... START MOVING THAT COAL PILE!

WE'VE NARROWED OUR SEARCH FOR McKORN DOWN TO THIS AREA, LIEUTENANT! BUT NOW COMES THE TOUGH PART! GET ME A STREET GUIDE!
7-15
IS SKETCH McKORN A PRISONER ON LAUREL AVENUE?
NO!
..BRIGHTON?
NO!
GARDEN LANE?
NO!
FOURTH STREET?
NO!
PARK STREET?
NO!
AFTER 2 HOURS OF THIS...
THE POLYGRAPH TELLS THE TALE!
Alfred Andriola
PARK STREET PULLED THE TRIGGER, LIEUTENANT! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST NOW!... ROUND UP 20 OR 30 GOOD PHOTOGRAPHERS!
PARK STREET IS ONLY FOUR BLOCKS LONG! WANT YOU TO GET ME A CLEAR PICTURE OF EVERY HOUSE ON IT—WITHIN AN HOUR!
7-16
POLICE CARS WILL RUSH YOUR PLATES BACK HERE! WORK FAST! SKETCH McKORN'S LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!
Alfred Andriola
MEANWHILE...
OOMP! HARD AS ROCK! IT'LL BE ANOTHER HOUR BEFORE THIS HOLE'S DEEP ENOUGH, DEADPAN!
I'LL GO UP AND GET ALL OF McKORN'S CLOTHES AND DRAWING STUFF! COME ON, FUNNY BOY!
WE THOUGHT WE HEARD A CRASH, DEADPAN!
FUNNY BOY TRIED TO SIGNAL TO SOME STREET PHOTOGRAPHERS FROM THE WINDOW, SHORTY, AND I COOLED HIM!
START MIXING THE CONCRETE! WE'LL PUT HIM AWAY BEFORE HE COMES OUT OF THE FOG!
Alfred Andriola
AND AT THIS MOMENT, IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
HERE ARE THE SHOTS OF THE BUILDINGS IN THE FIRST BLOCK ON PARK STREET, DRAKE!
KEEP THEM COMING AS FAST AS THEY'RE PRINTED!
7-18
COME ON, FAT BOY! LOOK AT IT! IS THIS THE HOUSE WHERE YOU TOOK McKORN?
NO!
7-19
Alfred Andriola
WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
BEDDINGS
NO REACTION SO FAR, DRAKE! AND WE'VE COVERED THREE BLOCKS!
HERE'S ANOTHER BATCH OF WET PRINTS, SIR!

THIS IS THE LAST OF THE PHOTOS, DRAKE! IF ONE OF 'EM DOESN'T RING A BELL, WE'RE STOPPED!
IS THIS THE HOUSE, CHUB?
NAH!
7-20
DRAKE! WE SCORED! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS OF THAT LAST PLACE?
107 PARK STREET! GET A RAIDING DETAIL READY!... NO!.. WAIT! THESE PICTURES GIVE ME AN IDEA!
Alfred Andriola

WE'LL STAND A FAR BETTER CHANCE OF BRINGING SKETCH OUT ALIVE IF THE MOBSTERS DON'T KNOW THE BUILDING IS BEING SEARCHED!
7-21
THESE PHOTOS SHOW WHAT McKORN'S CAPTORS ARE USED TO SEEING!... MUSICIANS CARRYING INSTRUMENT CASES... A BRUSH SALESMAN... AN ICE CREAM VENDOR... A METER READER FROM THE GAS COMPANY!
ICE CREAM
Alfred Andriola
DISGUISE YOUR MEN... HAVE THEM KEEP THEIR GUNS CONCEALED... I'LL LEAD THE WAY INTO THE HOUSE... WITH 25 POUNDS OF ICE!

HURRY UP, SHORTY! GET IT A LITTLE DEEPER, SO WE CAN ROLL McKORN IN! WE GOTTA BLOW!
7-22
Alfred Andriola
BOSS! LOOK! A CAST IRON PIPE! WE CAN'T GO ANY DEEPER!
MEANWHILE, A BLOCK AWAY..
STUTTER GUNS IN FIDDLE CASES! THIS TAKES ME BACK TO THE ROARIN' 20'S!
I SURE HOPE I DON'T GRAB FOR MY GAT AND COME UP WITH A TUTTI-FRUTTI BAR!
HERE'S DRAKE! GET READY TO MOVE IN!
FULTON BRUSHES
ICE CRE

MAYBE WE COULD SORTA MOUND UP TH' CEMENT TO COVER HIM, DEADPAN!
SHUT UP!.. AND START MAKING THAT HOLE LONGER OR WE'LL NEED A GRAVE BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO!
SHH! SOMEBODY'S STOMPING THROUGH THE HALL! SLIP UP AND SEE WHO IT IS, SHORTY!
Alfred Andriola
7-23

BUT DEAD-PAN...
I KNOW! YOU ONLY SAW AN ICEMAN! BUT EVERY APARTMENT HERE HAS AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR!

WHILE UPSTAIRS
LOOK, SERGEANT! TRACKS IN CEMENT DUST!
7-25
FULTON BRUSHES

BUT NOT A SIGN THAT THE CARTOONIST WAS EVER HERE, DRAKE!
NO? WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THIS?
Alfred Andriola

BUT THIS THUMBTACK DOESN'T TELL US WHERE THE CARTOONIST IS NOW, DRAKE!
NO...BUT THOSE FOOTPRINTS MIGHT!

THE CHARACTER I MET IN THE HALL CLAIMED HE WAS WORKING FOR A CEMENT CONTRACTOR....DOWN IN THE BASEMENT!... COME ON, SERGEANT!
Alfred Andriola

OKAY BOYS! WE'RE LEAVING! EVEN IF WE HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT! GET McKORN UP!
7-26

WATCH IT, SERGEANT! I HEAR SOMEONE ON THE BASEMENT STAIRS!
7-27
FULTON BRUSHES

DRAKE! HELP! THEY—
Alfred Andriola

BANG!

AS DRAKE HOLDS HIS FIRE TO PROTECT SKETCH, DEADPAN PUMPS A SLUG AT HIM, POINTBLANK...
7-28
BANG!

...AND THE DETECTIVE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR!
Alfred Andriola

THAT'S A BREAK! NOT ANOTHER COP IN SIGHT!
ICE CREAM

TONY! YOU FOOL! GET BEHIND McKORN! YOU'RE SAFE THERE!
ICE CR
VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
STRAWBERRY
Alfred Andriola
RAT TAT TAT!
BUT AT THIS POINT, THE "ELECTRICIAN" ON THE ROOF GOES INTO ACTION!
7-29
DRAKE! YOU'RE OKAY! BUT WE SAW YOU FALL!
THE SLUG HIT THE ICE TONGS I WAS WEARING AND THE IMPACT FLOORED ME — WHERE'S DEADPAN?
7-30
Alfred Andriola
HE DROPPED INTO THE DOOR-WELL AND WENT BACK INTO THE BUILDING!
TICK-TOCK!
THAT'S THE DOOR TO THE JANITOR'S QUARTERS! HOPE NOBODY'S HOME!
TICK TOCK!
DEADPAN'S GOT US OVER A BARREL, DRAKE! WE CAN'T BLAST HIM OUT OF THAT APARTMENT ON ACCOUNT OF THE JANITOR'S WIFE!
I SAW SOMETHING UPSTAIRS THAT MAY TURN THE TABLES!
Alfred Andriola
MEAN-WHILE
OF ALL THE SCREWBALL HOBBIES — COLLECTING CLOCKS!
TICK TOCK
TICK TOCK TICK TICK TICK TOCK
THEY'RE DRIVING ME BATTY! LIKE A BUNCH OF GABBY WOMEN GOING YACKETY-YACK!
YOU-YOU MURDERER!
8-1
YOU MURDERER! MY DARLINGS HAVE SOULS JUST LIKE PEOPLE — AND THEY'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR THIS!
TICK TOCK
TICK TICK TICK
STOP YAMMERING!... I'LL LEAVE THE ELECTRIC CLOCKS! THEY DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!
WHILE UP-STAIRS
I NOTICED THIS DUMB-WAITER WHEN WE SEARCHED THE BUILDING! WHERE DOES IT GO?
TO THE JANITOR'S ROOM — FOR RUB-BISH DISPOSAL! BUT THOSE ROPES ARE OLD AND FRAYED!
8-2
Alfred Andriola

THOSE ROPES'LL NEVER HOLD YOU! DRAKE!
THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ENTER THE JANITOR'S QUARTERS. UNANNOUNCED! ...HERE GOES NOTHING!
BUT DEADPAN, TOO, HAS JUST MADE A DISCOVERY!
THE DUMBWAITER! TENANTS USED TO SEND RUBBISH DOWN THAT WAY... BUT NOW...
WHAT'S THAT LITTLE DOOR FOR?
Alfred Andriola
CRASH
8-3
THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THAT DUMBWAITER SHAFT... AND I'M GONNA SEE WHO...!
8-4
DON'T REACH FOR IT DEADPAN! ... REACH FOR A CLOUD!
Alfred Andriola
I KEPT TELLING HIM IT WAS BAD LUCK TO STOP A CLOCK! I KNEW THEY'D GET EVEN WITH HIM!
YES, IF THERE'S A REWARD, THIS ONE SHOULD GET IT —FOR CUTTING DEADPAN'S CAREER SHORT!
IT'S THE NICEST ONE I OWN! MY HUSBAND WON IT ON A PUNCH BOARD!
PUNCH BOARD?
OH, NOOOOOOO!
8-5
Alfred Andriola
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO TELL DEADPAN, SKETCH, BEFORE FACING HIM IN COURT?
JUST THIS, DRAKE... THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE CRIME PAY IS TO WRITE ABOUT IT!
HE'LL GET A PRISON SENTENCE OUT OF THIS DEAL, BUT I'LL GET GREAT GOBS OF SWELL MATERIAL TO EXPOSE THEIR RACKET IN "ROCKY STONE"!
8-6
ALAS! THAT'S THE CURSE OF THE COMIC STRIP BUSINESS, DRAKE! THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A NEW EXCITING PLOT — WAITING AROUND THE CORNER!
YOU HAVE A DATE SOME NIGHT SOON with TENNESSEE LANE in "Mayfair Madness"
Alfred Andriola

BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING, INC.

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KERRY DRAKE

BOOK ONE

BY ALFRED ANDRIOLA

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EDITED BY SHEL DORF

Foreword by

MILT CANIFF

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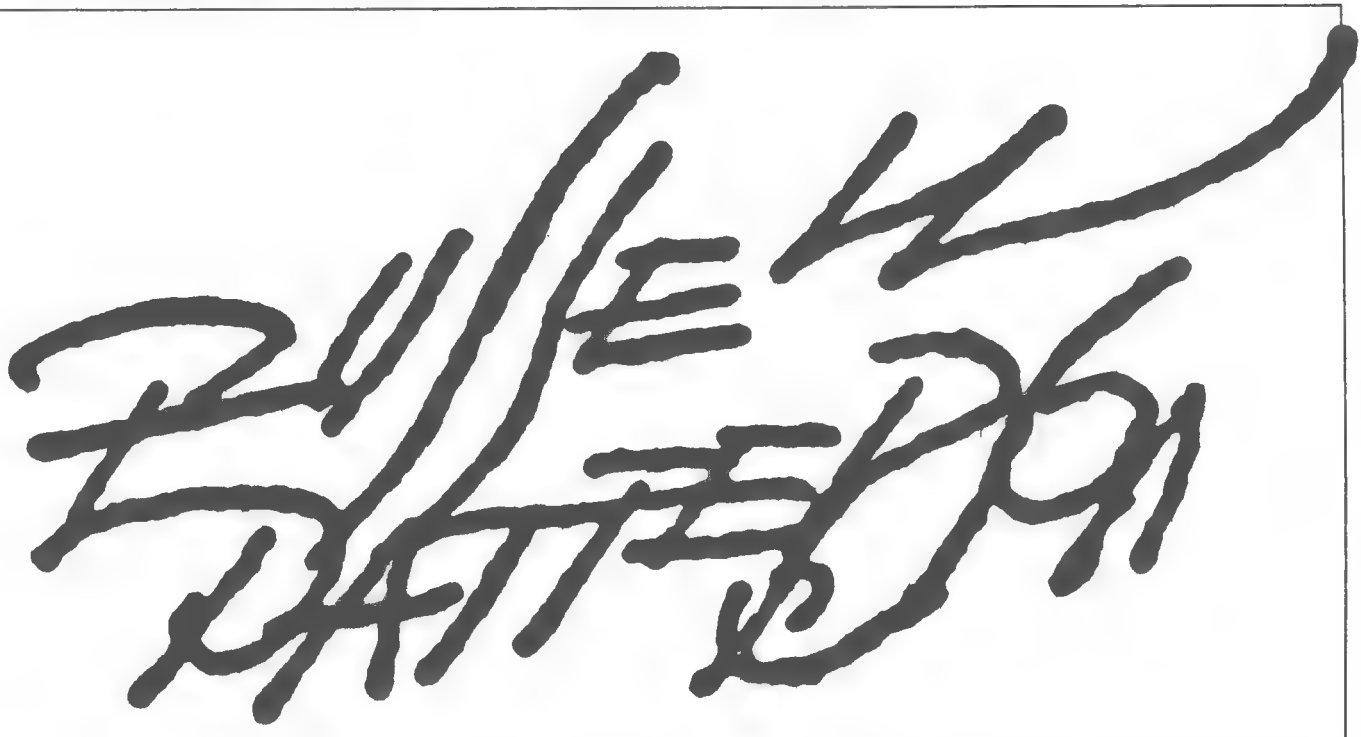
Penmen Of The Past



A cartoonist and even comic-strip artist for much of his career, Russell Patterson could also boast of fame and accomplishment in many other fields. He was a noted illustrator, set designer, fashion artist, interior decorator, teacher, and painter. In all fields he was as distinguished as his personal image—with a brushed-back mane of dignified hair, a dapper moustache, and the latest clothes, he was the perfect artist/cosmopolite of his day.

Like so many others who became the arbiters of sophisticated Manhattan trends (Cole Porter comes to mind), Russell Patterson hailed from America's heartland. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1894, and moved while yet an infant to Canada; he spent his youth in Newfoundland, Toronto, and Montreal. He studied architecture briefly at McGill University and the Monumente Nationale. Patterson was attracted to cartooning and illustration, however, and he worked in succession for the *Montreal Standard* and the French-language *La Patrie*, where he drew the strip *Pierre et Pierette*.

In 1914, Patterson returned to the US and studied at the Chicago Art Institute; while a student he worked as a designer and decorator with the prominent retailers Carson, Pirie Scott and Marshall Field. During World War I he served with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was an expatriate briefly in the heady days of the early 1920s, studying in Paris under the legendary Impressionist Claude Monet and executing landscapes.

But once again he returned to America, to Chicago, where he established a correspondence school for cartooning and illustration. He also teamed with illustrator/cartoonist Robert Patterson and opened an art studio named, appropriately enough, Patterson Studios. Bob Patterson was no relation, although his sister married Russell's brother. Russell also taught during this period at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Patterson's active cartooning period began when he moved to New York in the mid '20s. He drew strips and illustrations for *Photoplay* (drawing a regular feature, *Film Flams*), and became the unofficial chronicler of the show-biz/Broadway/speakeasy scene. A few years earlier he had designed sets and costumes for the Ziegfeld Follies, and was to do the same for the last of George White's Scandals, but it was his association with the old *Life* magazine that established his reputation as a Father of the Flapper and, as well, premier illustrator and cartoonist.

The humor-and-cartoon *Life* of the pre-Luce days ("That was the *Life* magazine that was *intentionally* funny," someone once said) was presided over by Robert E. Sherwood, and featured Robert Benchley, Ring Lardner, Dorothy Parker, Gluyas Williams, Percy Crosby, and John Held, Jr., in its illustrious pages. Patterson's role in the late '20s was to illustrate the weekly pages on New York nightlife, including reportorial drawings of swank speakeasies and portraits of jazz-age celebrities and walk-ons. His mastery of architectural touches and interior design was combined with his illustrator's instincts and cartooning talents as he produced an astoundingly attractive body of work—broad panoramas, exacting detail, clever caricature, and sexy fashion. Every cartoon—whether a double-page spread with hundreds of figures or a smart little spot drawing—was a beautiful composition of design, balance, and verve. Although Patterson occasionally used wash, his most striking effect was a handsome use of solid blacks spotted through his cartoons.

For *Life* he also drew gag cartoons, often full-page compositions, and covers, usually in pen and ink with watercolor. When Norman Anthony was lured from the raucous *Judge* to edit *Life*—and ghost-wrote the speakeasy columns himself—Patterson's influence was even wider. Into the 1930s he drew for *Ballyhoo* (following Anthony to that early-day MAD parody journal), *College Humor*, *Judge*, and the Hearst publications including the *American Weekly Sunday* newspaper supplement and *Cosmopolitan* magazine, for which he drew beautiful double-page spreads, his best since the *Life* days.

It was perhaps inevitable, given the fact that Patterson was virtually synonymous with Broadway designs, the latest entertainers, and popular trends in fashion (notice from his cartoonist's pen practically

All illustrations (from *Photoplay*, 1925-26; *Life*, 1928-1931) from the collection of Rick Marschall

conferred authority on shieks and shebas, crooners and starlets)—Hollywood was next. Patterson designed sets and costumes for Fox and Paramount, establishing, now, his *own* authority on both coasts.

Long active in the Society of Illustrators and the Dutch Treat Club, Patterson was also one of the seven founders of the National Cartoonists Society in 1946; he served as its president in 1952-53. He drew a daily panel of pretty-girl art for King Features during World War II, and between 1951 and 1956 he drew a comic strip, *Mamie*, for United Features.

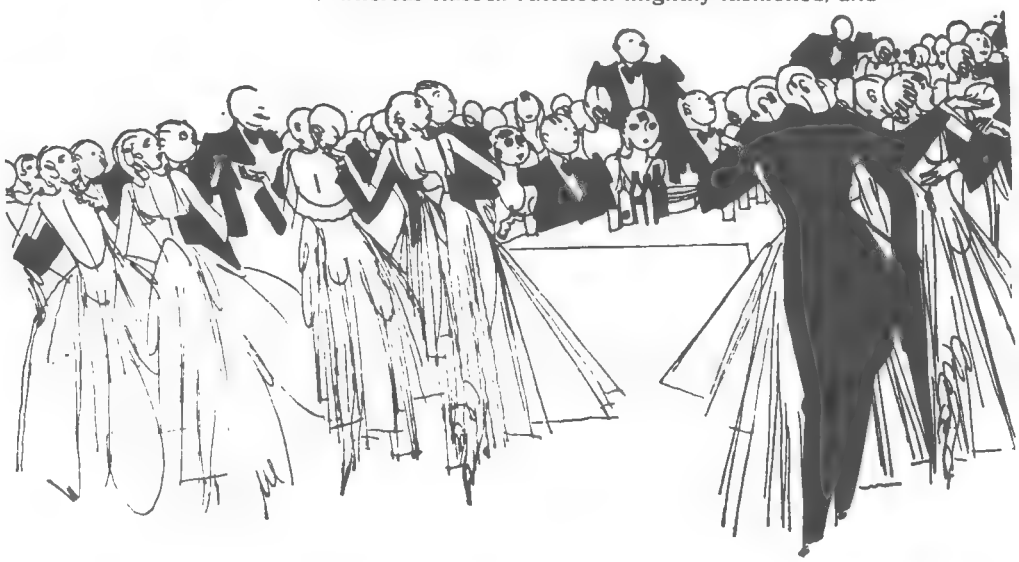
In the closing years of his career (Patterson died in 1977) he worked in a dizzying array of activities: he was an inevitable fixture as judge of beauty pageants; he designed high-fashion outerwear; he created store-window displays; he designed WAC uniforms; he fashioned interior decorations for swank restaurants. At the end, his hands crippled by disease, he wore a special glove designed by medical technicians so he could still hold brushes and paint.

In his career Russell Patterson won many awards, but perhaps more significant was the honor he won, the mark he left upon a generation. His mark was upon a social group, an entertainment industry, an *haute-couture* establishment . . . and upon his peers in the cartooning and illustration fraternities.

He speaks to us today as a marvelous chronicler of jazz-age life, but Patterson was not just the eyes of the Twenties; he was the heart of it as well. He has been credited with introducing the raccoon coat and the open-top galoshes—two of the period's most enduring trademarks—from his Canadian background. Patterson was just as comfortable, moreover, in designing, depicting, and promoting the more elegant gowns and formal wear of the upscale Prohibish crowd.

It might be fair to say that Patterson and that other chronicler of the Jazz Age, John Held, Jr., are the respective cartooning counterparts to F. Scott Fitzgerald and Sinclair Lewis. Both artists retained a bit of cynicism, but Held's was more central. Patterson delineated the frivolities of speakeasy life while Held criticized the emptiness of the New Age. Patterson's people were usually society folk; Held's heroes were not heroes at all but vacuous college and college-aged wastrels. Both artists presented true portraits. The mirror that American cartooning held up to the Twenties was not a single glass but as the multi-faceted reflecting balls that hung over the dance floors.

Yet Held is invariably related to the Twenties, whereas Russell Patterson mightily fashioned, *and*



reflected, this effervescent time as a mere stopover in his long career of astonishing graphic achievements and memorable cartoons. I met him when I was 12 years old, in 1961, at my first National Cartoonists Society meeting. My head was already spinning from meeting such legends as Rube Goldberg, but when introduced to Russell Patterson I was confronted by a distinguished Personality: full, white hair; dapper moustache; impeccable tailored clothing. Just like his famous reputation but *more*—he seemed like a Roman senator or titled nobility or an eminent and acclaimed actor—and the "more" was that I knew (and so did everybody who knew Russell Patterson, or knew his work) that here was a presence.

He was a presence in person, and most certainly a presence in his times and how today we perceive them. Russell Patterson was also, as these drawings attest, a definite presence in American cartooning and illustration. Many cartoonists worked to borrow from his style, but many more despaired of ever achieving his seemingly effortless elegance.

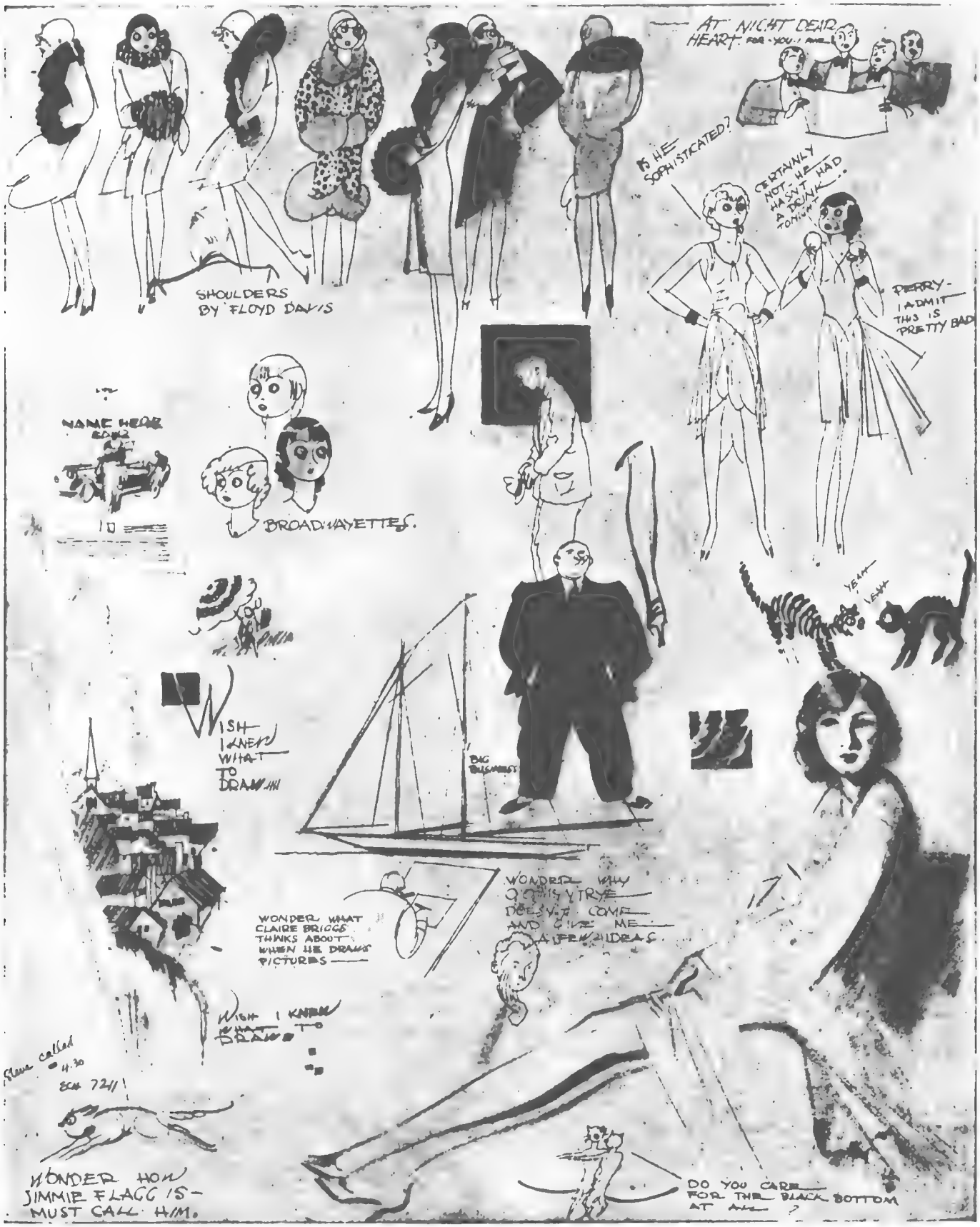
—Rick Marschall

The Saturday Night Mayfair Dances at the Ritz, where all the Who's Who are What's What.

TWO PAGES *from the* SKETCH

WHEE-EE
HOW ABOUT SOMETHING IN BROWN
RUBEN PATTERSON
1912
1928
ARE THEY ON THE WAY BACK—?
NO— SO GOOD AWFUL NOSES—
I THINK MY LETTERING IS MUCH BETTER THAN MY DRAWINGS — OH WELL

BOOK *of* RUSSELL PATTERSON

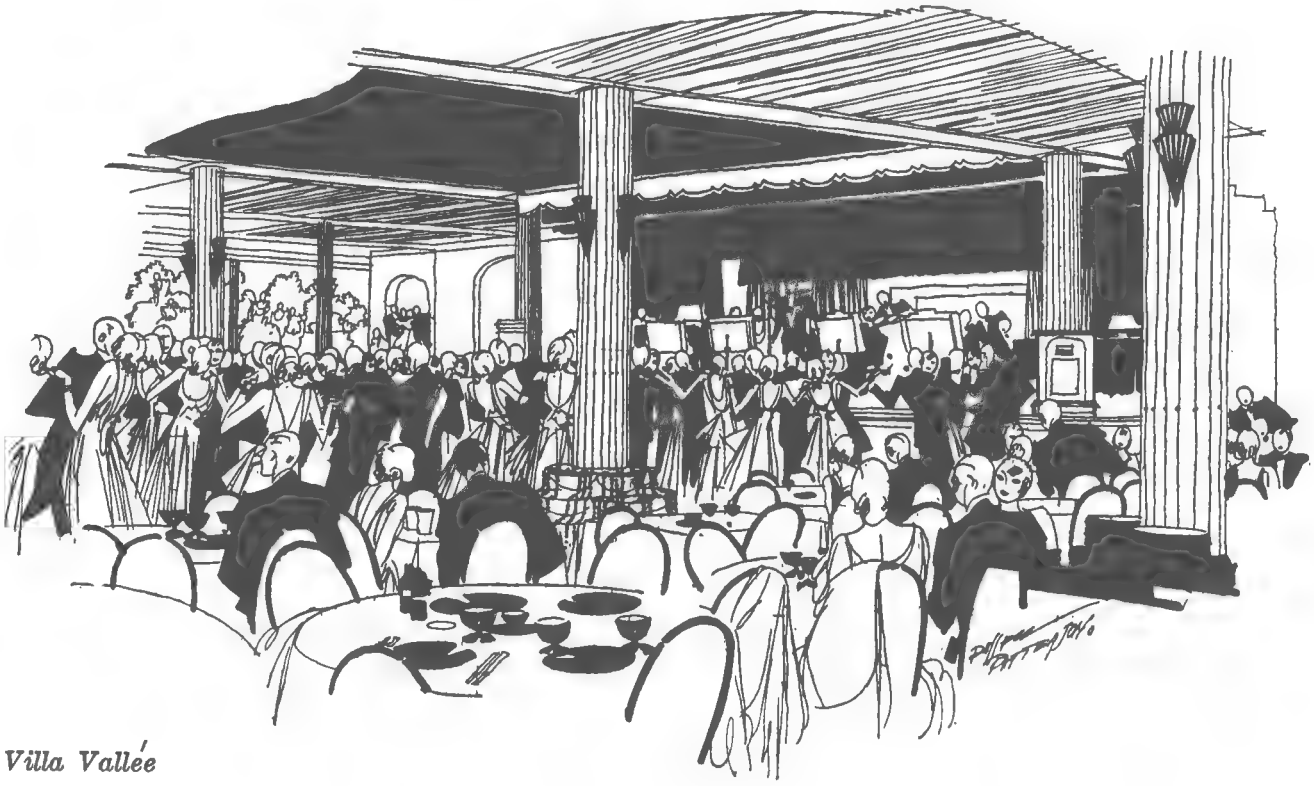

SHOULDERS
BY FLOYD DAVIS
AT NIGHT DEAR HEART FOR YOU I AM
IS HE SOPHISTICATED?
CERTAINLY NOT HE HASN'T HAD A DRINK TONIGHT
PERRY- I ADMIT THIS IS PRETTY BAD
NAME HERE
BROADWAYETTES.
WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DRAW!!!
BIG BUSINESS
YEAH YEAH
WONDER WHY SOMEBODY DOESN'T COME AND GIVE ME A FEW IDEAS
WONDER WHAT CLAIRE BRIGGS THINKS ABOUT WHEN HE DRAWS PICTURES
WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DRAW
Steve called @ 4:30 Ecm 7211
WONDER HOW JIMMIE FLAGG IS- MUST CALL HIM.
DO YOU CARE FOR THE BLACK BOTTOM AT ALL?

"Justice"—The Greatest Show on Earth

LABOR DAY
SMOKE
SMOKE CIGAR
7

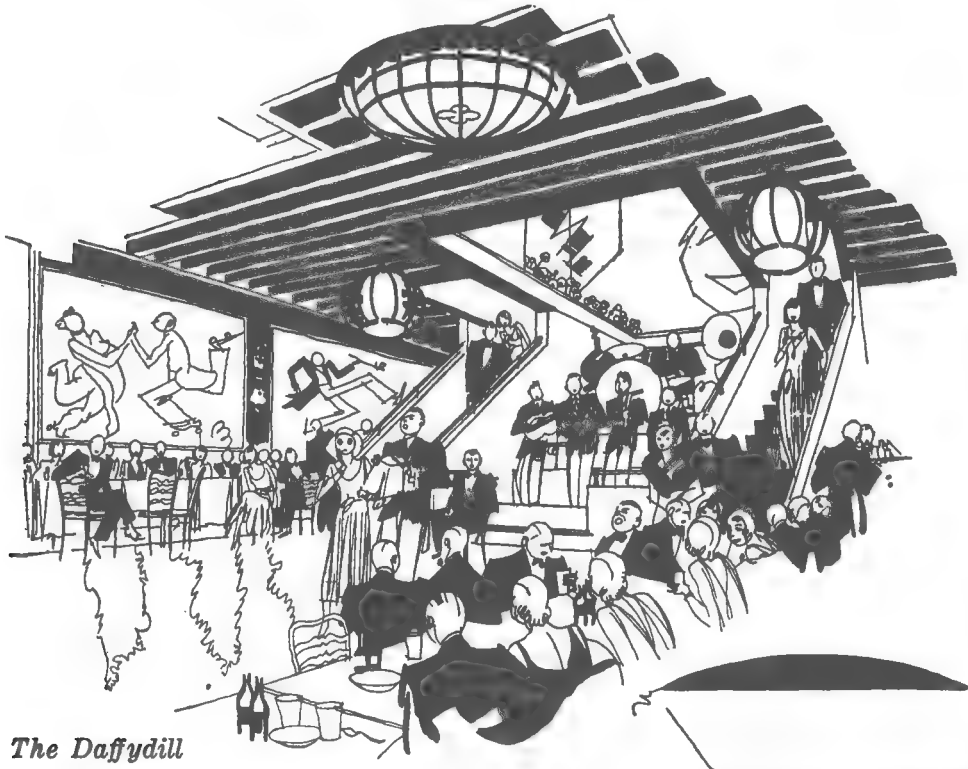
"It's all right, Mabel, I thought I'd bring along a Red Cap."

"Can I show you anything, sir?"



Villa Vallée

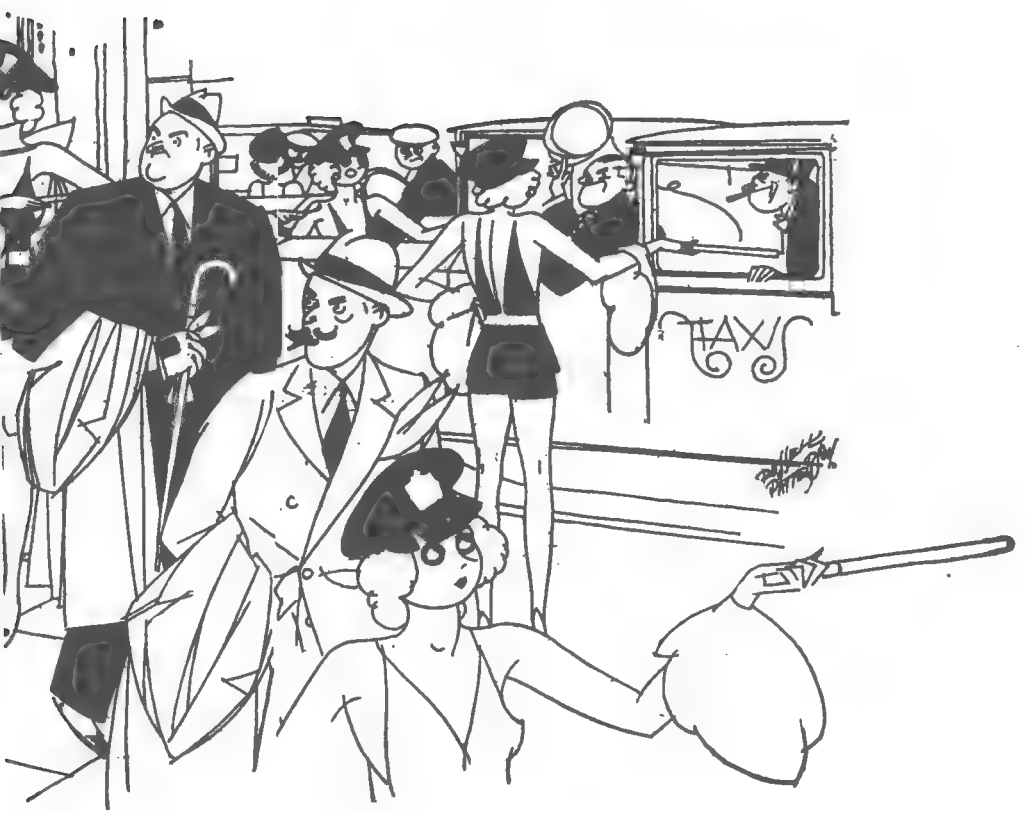
Midnight Sailing



The Daffydill

Barney's

Morning Inspection of "Our Finest" by Police Commissioner Ziegfeld.


TAXI

THE HIGH DIVE
THE BIG SMACK
LITTLE MARY SWEETCAKE
MOTHER'S KISS
STUDIO

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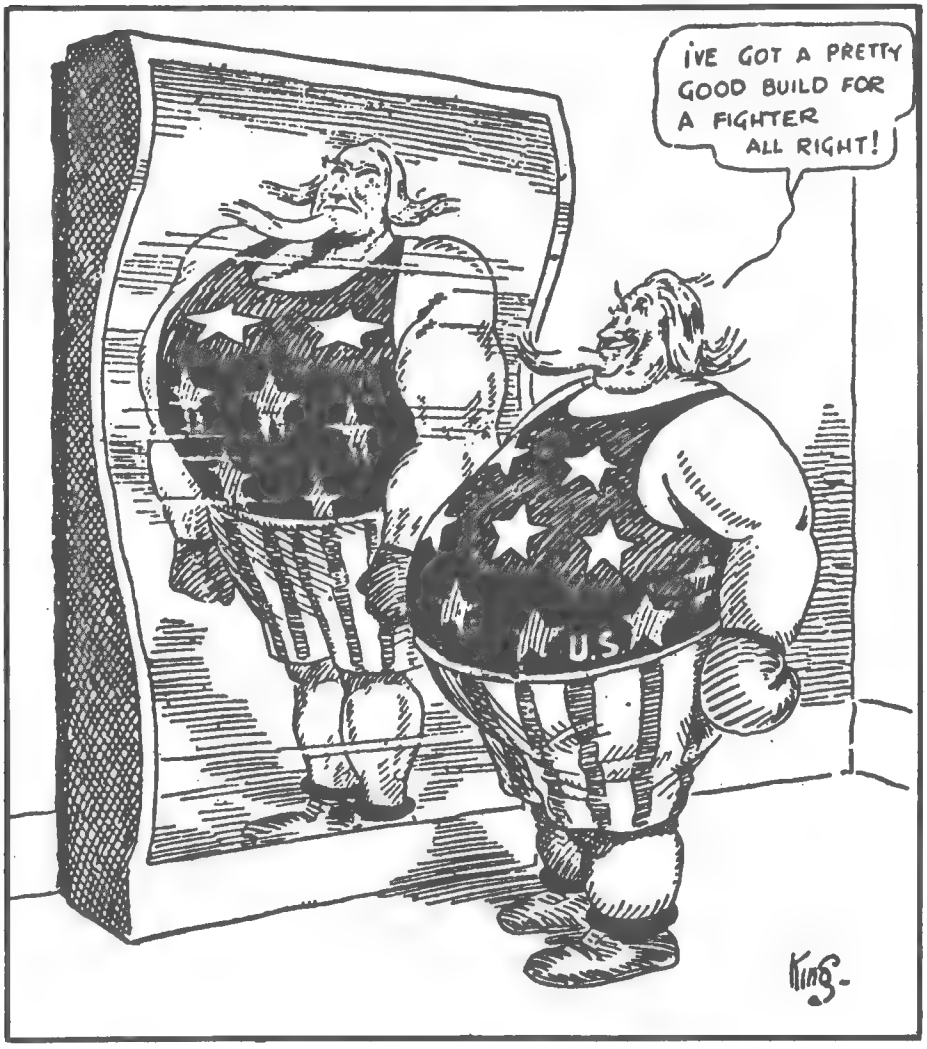


By Rick Marschall

"In Mr. King's cartoons we have a real photograph of Uncle Sam. He has heretofore been sitting for his portrait before an imaginative artist who wished, rather than to tell the truth, to please the gentleman who ordered the picture. Thus sitting and thus painted, he has appeared as an amiable, tolerant person whose tolerance and good nature had foundation upon his known ability to resent any affront which crossed the line of tolerance.

"The American nation has been fed upon such cartoons. The Uncle Sam of this fiction has filled the minds of the American people. He is kind, grim, gracious, indulgent, strong, terrible—whatever the occasion asked or permitted.

"Mr. King shows him for what he is—rich, fat, indolent, unready, unable to run a hundred yards, put up his fists, load a revolver, or accomplish successfully any act of self-defense. If that suggestion of Uncle Sam should make any advance into American intelligence the American nation might go into training to become what it thinks it is."

—*Chicago Tribune* (1915)

The state of the world:

America a prosperous nation, much more so than any of her neighbors around the world. And so much so that she has grown ultra-materialistic, concerned more with comfort than safety, more with ease than effort.

There is injustice in the world, there are nations enslaved, but America—her continent an island, apart from the world's troubles—is indifferently disinclined to stirring enough to seek justice and pursue basic rights on behalf of the oppressed.

Prosperity has become the contemporary god. Profits and politics dictate America's course and convictions.

Do you recognize such an analysis of America? Although the critique—the reality—might possibly ring a familiar bell, the portrait is of America in 1915.

"Everybody loves a fat man," the saying used to go. That was in the days before America became a nation of health faddists; but in the 'teens the saying was already turned around. Uncle Sam—fat through material wealth, which begat ignoble ease, materialism, and self-indulgence—was striking a pose resented in the world community.

The Great War was a year old. Surely one of the world's most tragic bloodbaths and most useless of many useless wars, most countries of the world were nevertheless taking sides. Great moral issues were at stake; and when they weren't, the greater commercial issues loomed. Ultimately the latter was a more decisive factor than the former, but in any event, most of the nations were lining up.

America, however, was conspicuous in her claims of neutrality and her posture as a hypocrite. In the first place, pacifist-leaning president Woodrow Wilson proclaimed "neutrality in thoughts as well as deeds" but secretly both sympathized with, and aided, the Allied powers (Wilson's audacity was amateurish compared to Franklin Roosevelt's bloody deceit as he schemed in the days preceding World War II a generation later, however).

America had much to gain by this hypocritical attitude. She gained bank-house bonanzas by loaning money to war-ravaged economies around the world. She gained commercial advantages as her factories filled industrial vacuums; and her shipping business increased markedly.

But America was also gaining something else: the world's enmity. America was not only getting rich—growing fat—at other nations' expense, but was virtually wallowing in self-indulgence. Concomitantly Uncle Sam spent practically nothing of this new-found wealth to protect it, to keep a weather-eye to the future. In a world being consumed by the spreading stain of war madness, Woodrow Wilson maintained shadow-show positions on national defense. He issued baldly transparent bluffs to belligerent powers: "I will hold you strictly accountable" for offenses, he told the Germans; and he typewrote a series of Draconian-flavored notes to the British. Since it was plainly evident that America's defensive forces were absurdly disarrayed, and that the president had little intention of improving them—and less of ever using them—the world merely laughed.

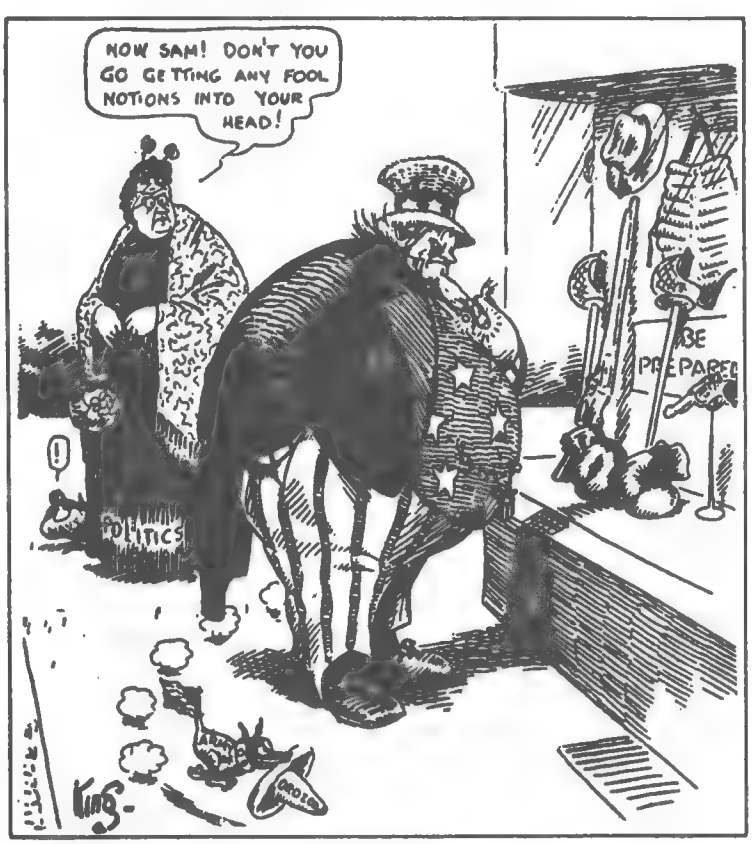
The humiliation accelerated. Faced with the twin barrages of brutally effective Allied propaganda and desperate Central provocations/responses, Wilson scurried behind rhetorical mother's skirts and intoned, "There is such a thing as a nation being too proud to fight." Whether it was pride or a congenital inability to act decisively in foreign affairs, his vacillation was manifest when America finally did enter the war: it was many months before an American division was participating in the conflict; and a year after entry, soldiers were still training with broomsticks instead of guns. Consistency was a compatible hobgoblin of Wilson's, however. Even after the war his messianic ego led to unparalleled self-delusion. His "noble vision" for the post war world—resulting in a peace that proved more gruesome in deed and implication than the World War I itself—led one of his fellow heads of state to declare: "Wilson and his Fourteen Points! Why, God Almighty only has ten!"

Wilson had his way, had his re-election, and had a good deal of moral support before and during the American phase of the war. Under him, America—so recent a participant on the world stage—seemed suddenly unsure of her role, if not her destiny. In the space of a decade there had been a remarkable turnaround of attitude, assurance, success. . . and the respect that had once been afforded the young world-power. Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson's predecessor as president, wrote to a mother concerned about impending war in 1915:

> *. . . The present pacifist administration has fought one dreadful and foolish little war with Mexico, whereas during my seven and a half years of administration, not an American soldier or sailor was killed in action with any foreign power. Preparedness against war is the best means of averting war; but if it is impossible to avert war save at the cost of dishonor, then the women of your type. . . and their sons will face the dangers of war, just as women face the dangers of childbirth. It is our duty as individuals and as a nation to avoid all quarrels, to avoid every species of brutality, of wrongdoing, of wanton offense, to try to inculcate gentleness and fair and upright dealing as between man and man, nation and nation; but it is also our duty to keep ourselves masters of our own souls and possessed of those stern virtues for the lack of which no softness of manners, no gentleness of nature and, above all, no soft and easy course of life, will in any way atone."*

The forgoing was the view of Theodore Roosevelt and an evident minority of his fellow-citizens in 1915; America was certainly seduced by the twin harpies of Wilson's appeals to pacificist politics and the finance capitalists' devotion to profits. Uncle Sam grew fatter, and to many, it was just fine.

But to many it wasn't; TR was not entirely alone. The Midwest's most powerful newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*, idolized Roosevelt's policies and shared his



Aunt Polly Has A Word

critique. And, from a surprising source, one of their editorial cartoonists produced—in a short campaign—some of the most brilliant political cartoons in the history of American graphic humor.

Frank King was the cartoonist, and he is otherwise remembered, almost exclusively, for his first-rank comic-strip classic *Gasoline Alley*. In 1915 his sympathetic chronicle of small-town, middle-American family life with Walt, Skeezix, and company was a few years distant. Behind him was experience on the *Tribune* as a journeyman cartoonist; *Motorcycle Mike, Foolish Limericks,* and *Bobby Make-Believe* were some of his many comic features for the *Trib's* Sunday supplement. (See *NEMO* #12 for an account by Mark Johnson and a portfolio of the *Bobby* strip, and *NEMO* #1 for a portfolio of the *Gasoline Alley* Sundays).

But political cartoons were not King's forte, and when he ventured into that realm his work was generally of the "soft" editorial sort, more like topical gag cartoons. In 1915, however, the *Tribune's* chief political cartoonist, John McCutcheon, went on assignment . . . to Europe, right in the thick of the fighting. It was not a new experience for McCutcheon, who was cartooning's closest equivalent of the dashing war correspondent Richard Harding Davis. McCutcheon had covered the Spanish-American War as artist and reporter years before. This time, substituting for the Dean of America's Cartoonists was 32-year-old Frank King.

King's style was amiable and professional, his cartoons simplified and handsome, peopled by figures drawn in correct though cartooney manner. Mostly there was nothing in King's style or themes that seemed to prefigure his prescience and acerbity in the political cartoons he drew in McCutcheon's stead. But his evident strong views on current affairs, coupled with the editorial Petrie dish of the *Trib's* editorial columns (not to mention King's instinctive and fine talent) produced this remarkable series—the cartoonist's traditional Uncle Sam made flabby, in harmony with Wilson's America of 1915.

His "fat Uncle Sam" series was remarkable in several respects. It was well-drawn, startlingly consistent, and clever. Its very concept rivaled Frederick Burr Opper's "Willie and His Papa" lampoons of President McKinley in 1900. For its quality, as well as its insight, it attracted national attention.

But most importantly Frank King succeeded in fulfilling all of the political cartoonist's prescriptions for greatness. He created icons—the cartoonist's ultimate

Uncle Sam And His Pets

by Frank King

Once upon a time there lived a fat, rich roly-poly, good-natured old party who was fond of pets. For years and years he had kept an old elephant and a donkey cooped up in his stable. Eventually a [bull-moose] was added to the collection and joined in the occasional parades, which, with their noise and excitement, kept the whole household awake for weeks at a time.

The Fat Party, whom we will call Uncle, for short, shared the premises with Aunt Polly. She was a good old soul but she was continually mixing in, and it must be admitted that Uncle was sort of a henpeck. These parades were largely of her making and she seemed to enjoy them.

Uncle had another pair of pets which had been with him for a long time but to which he hadn't paid much attention. They were given the run of the place and got along as best they could. Fido was a little skinny terrier and lively enough in his way, but rather small for a watchdog, and the Duck was a good duck, as ducks go.

All went well until one morning Uncle awoke to the tune of a terrific hubbub across the stret. Several neighbors had loosed pets of their own, which they had been keeping in secret and which consisted chiefly of dogs of war.

"You started it," howled one.

"It was all your fault," bawled another.

"Your dog was all ready to bite mine," was heard from a third.

Of course, nobody would admit that his animal had anything to do with starting the fuss, but the fact remains that dogs and owners pitched in. They were all doing it in self-defense!

Uncle was friendly with all parties to the quarrel. He refused to take sides and wanted to be on good terms with everybody, which seemed a very simple thing to do. He was very anxious to keep his own dog and the Duck out of it—not that they were itching to get in, you understand—but he didn't want to have to push them in—in self-defense.

Nevertheless he was in favor of being on the safe side and was for feeding and exercising them and getting them into shape to put up some kind of scrap at least. But Aunt Polly said no.

And Aunt Polly was accustomed to having her way. Meanwhile the argument over the way was growing hotter and expanding, and had overflowed to the street. Uncle had always considered this thoroughfare his as much as anybody's so when he found it was a dangerous proceeding to appear in it—that in fact a brick or a bootjack was pretty sure to hit him in the ribs if he did—he began to remonstrate.

"Speak"

Uncle was a peaceful man, but this attitude generated considerable heat under his collar. He drew himself up to his full height and thundered:

"Sir, apologize, or I'll never speak to you again." This threat uttered with Fido and the Duck standing behind him, all with grim and threatening looks on their faces, was terrible indeed. It must have appeared so to the one addressed, for he responded deferentially:

"O, excuse me," whereupon he threw another brick, which caught Uncle amidships.

The premises over the way appear as neat and orderly as is usually the case after an earthquake, a cyclone, and a boiler explosion or two. The battle royal progresses, and now and then another spectator joins the mix-up—pulled in or pushed in, as the case may require; Uncle is rapidly coming to the conclusion that the only way to keep out of a fuss is to be ready to jump in. He has been reading a work on "The Manly Art of Self-Defense" with particular interest and has been wondering what would happen if a fresh outsider should start something in his back yard.

"I was a considerable scrapper back in '65 myself," he remarks. Then he catches a glimpse of his shadow on the wall and notes that his figure has become more than ample and that his avoirdupois is not strategically placed.

It dawns on Uncle that when the big conflict ends, things may not be the same. He realizes that his girth will not bluff the winner, and that if the victor can't locate a chip on Uncle's shoulder ready to be knocked off, he may make an excuse to knock his block off.

He had a hazy notion that his boasted prosperity may be leading him to fatty degeneration of the tissues.

The logical sequence of all of which is that Uncle will get down to watchful working, will expand his biceps and contract his circumference. He is young in spite of existing portraits, and the effects of his sedentary habits may be overcome by exercise and diet. He may yet do 100 yards in 11 flat and become a terror to evildoers. Now is his chance to come back—if he will.

(1915.)

weapons and best friends. When a cartoonist conceives and constructs properly, he can cast a group of characters and props that instantly tell his impassioned story. It is not automatically easy, and many artists are grateful to have the icons of other generations (Uncle Sam, the Democrat donkey, the Bomb) at their disposal.

King's addition of avoirdupois to Uncle Sam was a master stroke: one image was worth a thousand editorials. Aunt Polly (representing politics) and the Propa-gander might not seem especially inspired, but it is not the political cartoonist's obligation to be subtle; he must explain, persuade, or debunk in one cartoon; he has the opportunity to condense an issue into one image; indeed, he may be obligated to express an entire ontological point of view in one drawing.

All this Frank King did in his short-lived series of political cartoons (they were practically confined to the autumn of 1915). The chronicles of Uncle Sam grown fat and lazy, his overprotective aunt and the silly neighborhood animals, are truly worthy of our study. They were produced to summarize a position and, it was hoped, change people's minds. But Frank King—part-time political-cartooning recruit—also gave us a remarkable historical record of the times and their tempests.

GREAT GUNS! AND I'M TRYING TO MAKE A WATCHDOG AND A FIGHTER OUT OF THEM!!
ROCK-A-BYE BABIES, IN THE TREE TOP!
NAVY
ARMY
POLITICS
KING-

Tender-hearted Aunt Polly

Brave Aunt Polly

Playing Soldier

I WONDER WHO REALLY RUNS THIS COUNTRY ANYWAY!?
DAILY PAPER
GERMAN SPY MURDERED BY SPY OF ALLIES IN INDIANA?
AMERICAN FACTORY, MAKING AMMUNITION FOR ALLIES, BLOWN UP BY FOREIGN SPIES
MEXICANS START REVOLT IN TEXAS
QUACK!
NAVY
ARMY
KING-

Somebody Ought To Do Something

I'D FEED AND FATTEN FIDO IF I WEREN'T AFRAID HE'D GROW UP TO BE LIKE THAT!
I GUESS I'D BETTER HIDE FOR A WHILE
GET THE SCOUTS!
ARMY
NAVY
King-

A Bad Doggie

Only A Toy

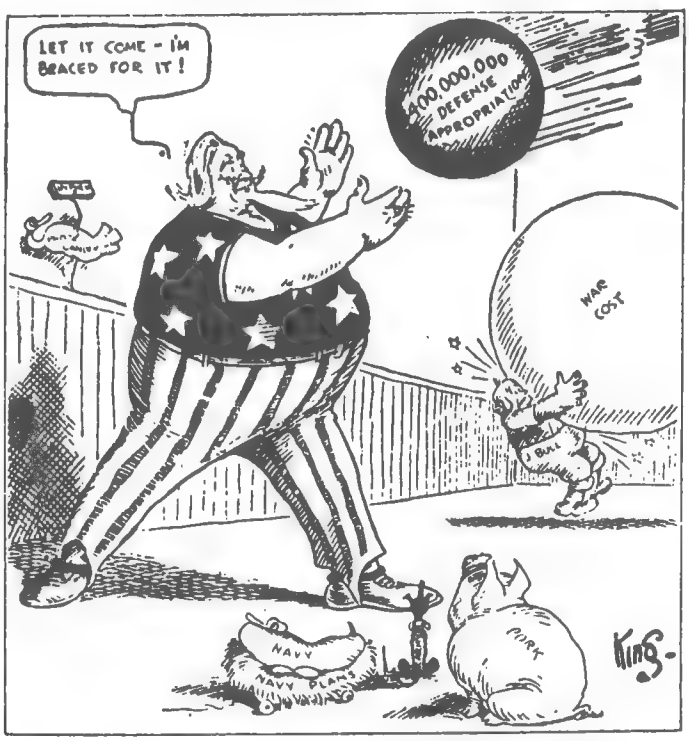
All Bound Round

Getting Into Training

Speaking of War Babies

With Both Gates Locked

Light Exercise



Medicine Ball

IT'S THE PULSE POUNDING • SENSES SHATTERING • MIND BENDING • BAT FISHING • **BOJEFFRIES SAGA** BY SPI NE WARPING • ASS KICKING • NOSE WIPING • TOE SMA SHING • SHIN SPLINTERING **ALAN MOORE** AND THUMB BREAKING • EYE GOUGING • THROAT RIPPING • EAR SPL ITTING • HEART STOMPING • **STEVE PARKHOUSE** APPEA RING IN THE FLESH STRIPP ING • LIP STRETCHING • THI

G ENTIRE NER M SHORT CIRCU E BRUISING • JOI G • **DALGODA 8!** RINDING •NOSTR • KIDNEY DAMA T TWISTING • SHI

© 1985 Alan Moore & Steve Parkhouse

Playwright For Paper Actors

The Allen Saunders Autobiography

Chapter Fifteen

The Social Impact Of Comics

Upon reading the above title, many will ask scornfully: "What impact could these time-wasting combinations of pictures and prose possibly have on society?"

Surely, anything published on every continent every day and enthusiastically sought out by millions of readers must influence, even slightly, human thought and behavior. Geoffrey Gorer, British anthropologist, once wrote, tongue slightly in cheek perhaps, "They (comics) are one of the few important bonds (the films being another and presidential elections the third) uniting all Americans in a common experience." And Heywood Broun called them "the proletarian novels of America."

Comics evoke no tolerant chuckles from totalitarian rulers. During World War II, fearing the influence of democratic philosophy, the publication of American comic strips was forbidden in Italy, the Third Reich, and Japan. Mussolini made one exception. He enjoyed *Mickey Mouse*, and the little rodent was not banned.

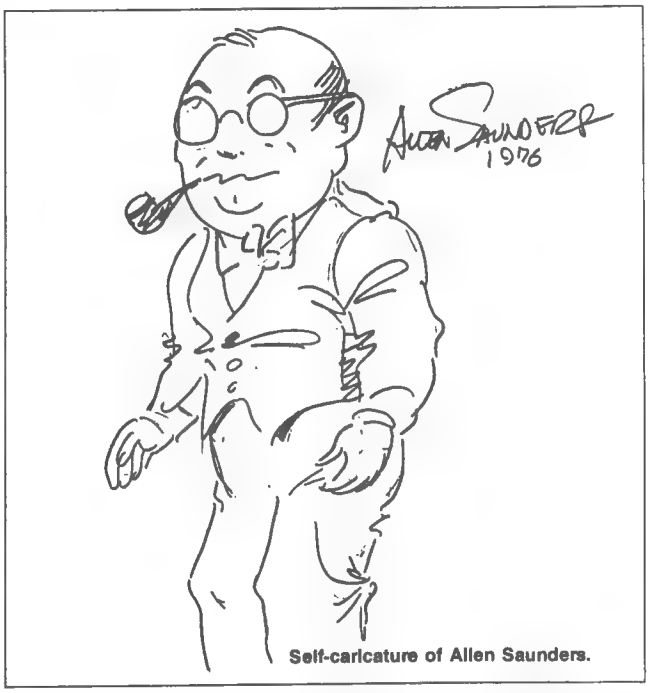
It is easy to understand why a Stalin, or a Mao Tse Tung, would not care to see American comics in a state-controlled newspaper. In *Little Orphan Annie* Harold Gray for generations beat a determined drum for free enterprise and capitalism.

Comics, we must then conclude, have long had and still have an impact on the political thinking of vast numbers of daily readers.

They have inspired and nourished fads in speech, dress and social attitudes. We may not view such as a contribution to culture, but our language has been enriched, or at least expanded, over the years by countless slang expressions and colloquialisms made popular by repetition in comics. Adolescent readers are quick to adopt, likewise, habits of dress affected by their favorite strip characters. Long before Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan, comics like *Winnie Winkle, Tillie the Toiler* and *Brenda Starr*—and even *Mary Worth*—were putting over the feminist claim to woman's equality in the business world, showing by example the woman worker's capability and her possible economic advancement.

Buster Brown, one of the first comics to achieve national popularity, put thousands of squirming, protesting boys in Buster's pancake hats, belted knicker suits with wide white collars, and shoes named for the little moralizer. The shoes are still on the market today. Harry Haenigsen's *Penny* made hats a teen-age fashion. Flash Gordon was first to wear wedgies.

Even our eating habits have been affected by these little pen-and-ink performers. Popeye's attributing his almost superhuman strength to eating spinach did much to overcome young readers' lack of enthusiasm for that vegetable, and so appreciative were spinach growers in Texas that a statue of The Sailor Man was commissioned by them and erected in Crystal City. Joe Palooka praised cheese as a food for fighters in training and Ham Fisher was named Cheese King of 1937. For a generation or more, anyone ordering corned beef and cabbage has, admittedly or not, been influenced by the addiction of Jiggs (in *Bringing up Father*) to that delicacy. Conversely, when Polly, in *Polly and Her Pals*, called an unattractive suitor a "poor prune," the California Prune Growers Association, fearful of a negative image, filed a protest with Polly's syndicate. Mexican-American Gordo smacked his lips over beans with cheese and cartoonist Gus Arriola received 800,000 requests for the recipe.



Self-caricature of Allen Saunders.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the influence of combined words and pictures on a mass audience of varied degrees of enlightenment. Comics can, and often do, cater to the thirst for information, encourage conformity and give young readers goals to which they may aspire. They reinforce belief in our society, suggest solutions for problems and introduce immigrant readers to the American way of life.

They can be a valuable aid in the learning process. Many a child learns to read from exposure to comics. And government-produced comics have been used to overcome the problem of there being no printed language among American Indians.

Chapter Sixteen

From Doodler To Dean

In reference volume/biographies and articles on the comics, I have sometimes been referred to as an "the dean of story strip writers." I am not especially pleased with the label. A dean is, after all, only one who has outlived his peers. But it does give me a certain license to pontificate. It gives me the right to express a critical opinion on today's story strips and to voice a prediction as to their future.

The prognosis is not entirely favorable. Like other media, some story strips are reflecting the less admirable characteristics of today's society. The stage gives us complete nudity, explicit sex, profanity, and the approval of permissiveness. Television and movies follow the theatrical lead. And story comic creators apparently say: "If they can get away with it, so can I." I look ahead and wonder if we are soon to have an X-rated comic page . . . if a strip should carry a warning: "Parental discretion is advised before children are allowed to read this feature."

It may be only the ultra-conservative reaction of the senior citizen, but when a strip like *Doonesbury* shows courting couples naked in bed together, depicts homosexual males, uses profanity once indicated by symbolic stars and exclamation points, I fear for the future of our profession.

Other long-observed taboos are brushed aside with impunity by highly popular features with young readers. A rule we have always observed forbids the mention of commercial products by name. We accepted the fact that newspapers object to paying for the privilege of giving away advertising. Yet, Coor's beer, for example, has often been flatteringly referred to in Trudeau's strip. This is not only defying editors to cancel but suggests the possibility of payola, that the artist has a cellar filled with the favored brew.

It should be mentioned, however, that while *Doonesbury* has consistently attacked public figures by name, a practice which risks libel suits against the paper that publishes the material, it won a Pulitzer prize in political cartooning for Trudeau. Perhaps the rest of us have been too cautious for much too long.

But enough of what may be only the envy of a competitor. Let's turn to some candid self-assessment.

To be honest I must admit that I too finally flouted a long-respected tradition. After years of hesitation I decided to do a *Mary Worth* story about an unwed teenaged mother, Karen Cooper. We felt that we could offer a poignant and timely story, compassionate and in good taste. The reaction of the media was immediate and unexpected, as I have noted.

No such reaction had equalled this since, by pure coincidence, we showed a young Senator with presidential aspirations being arrested and charged with leaving the scene of an accident the very day Ted Kennedy drove off a bridge at Chappaquiddick.

In the case of Karen Cooper, reactions to our story brought no rebukes. The questions asked were why we chose to do the story and how she would cope with her problem. Not entirely in response to letters from pro-abortion activists and from similar groups, Karen had the baby and put it up for immediate adoption, this in a sequel in which she offended her bigoted father by becoming engaged to a Polish youth. Her fiance was also seriously handicapped, which gave us a chance to call attention to the needs of that segment in our population.

Looking over letters from readers reacting pro and con to a later use of an ERA demonstration as background for a plot, I must weigh the wisdom of using contemporary controversies as story elements . . . But I reach the conclusion that perhaps the story strip of the future must be more relevant in dealing with today's political and social issues. Again I salute my competitors.

An occasional reader letter rebuking me for an error of fact reminds me also that a writer of this widely read fiction must not neglect his research. In this area, I am fortunate in having dependable sources of information in my children. John can suggest plots and supply factual background for stories about radio and television broadcasting. David, who once planned to be an athletic coach, is a much-consulted interior designer and keeps his color-blind father from making glaring errors in that field. Penny not only prevents me from making gross errors in financial matters but her three children keep me in touch with the interests and activities of today's youth. Also, she and her husband, Tom, are ardent boating buffs; they backstop a writer who couldn't tell a mast from a tiller. Lois Ann has been in show business since she was 15 and knows firsthand the pains and pleasures of that profession. Her husband, David, is an architectural delineator and often provides sketches of unusual buildings and interiors.

Their mother, the only member of the family who consistently reads my work, can supply me with the viewpoint of a mature married woman and the problems of running a household. All in all, I need spend a minimum of time in the library reference room.

As one sees ahead the 87th milestone on life's highway, it is inescapable that an octogenarian should ask himself what would have been a more justifiable use of those years than spending a half-century grinding out stories so ephemeral that they furnish only a few seconds of reading before being wrapped around the day's garbage. (Did some smart-pants say "other garbage?")

Assuming arbitrarily that the ability was there, one might have painted a picture, or chiseled a sculpture worth space in a museum . . . written a play as good as Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* . . . put a great novel comparable to John Updike's work on library shelves . . . pioneered in space exploration . . . joined the pro golf tour with a not too horrendous

REFLECTING—Allen Saunders, indeed the Dean of Continuity Comic-Strip Scripters, in his office with a batch of his patented pencil-rough layouts and dialogue. Sketching out images and words for his artist-collaborators is how he produced, through the years, the classic strips *Big Chief Wahoo, Steve Roper, Apple Mary, Mary Worth*, and *Kerry Drake*.

handicap. . .Or even discovered a formula for the perfect pipe tobacco.

But who is complaining? You have turned a pastime into a profession and earn a livelihood (far greater than you deserve) doing work that you enjoy. . .you are blessed with a wonderful wife who has endured your faults for more than half-century and given you four talented and ever-helpful children. . .your health is reasonably good for one who has had enough birthday cakes to wipe out the nation's inventory of birthday candles . . .each of your seven grandchildren shows signs of growing up to contribute to the worlds of art, education and commerce . . .you live in a house which the late Bennett Cerf once termed "the most beautiful home I ever walked into.". . .you drive to your paneled-oak office, in a city you love, behind the wheel of a luxury car (the Seville that replaced the Rolls-Royce you wrecked without injury to yourself). . .you sit all day putting down thoughts which will catch the attention of an estimated 50-million loyal readers in places as far away as Istanbul, Turkey. . .going out for a leisurely lunch, you are greeted by name on the street, as a sort of minor-league celebrity-in-residence. . .you are privileged to enjoy membership in normally exclusive clubs and to serve your community in public offices. It has been a great life and I wouldn't go back and change one hour of it.

So we have come to the last page of this rambling look at the life of a playwright for paper actors. . .and it saddens me; the stark finality of the word "last," in any context, signifies something that will never come again. Film titles like *The Last Dinosaur*, or *The Last Picture Show*, depress me. I hope I never see "The Last Comic Strip." The cockeyed optimist in me says I never will. n

Allen Saunders Remembered

Allen Saunders, 86, died in Maumee, Ohio on January 28, 1986

In the early 1930s, the rumbles were heard that an ex-professor (a Phi Beta Kappa yet) from Wabash College would be writing *Apple Mary*!

How could a non-cartoonist run such a feature? And from Toledo, Ohio!

We found out!

Mary Worth began to win the polls and grab audiences away from us continuity drones. Later, *Steve Roper & Mike Nomad* hit the adventure motherlode because Allen Saunders knew how to touch the Walter Mitty nerve in every male reader.

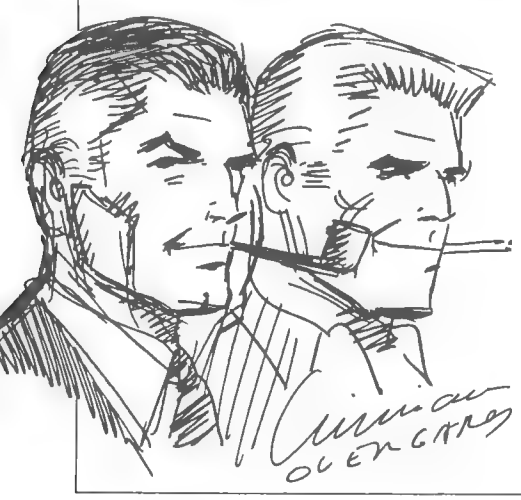
Allen always gave his collaborators fullest credit and billing and claimed no drawing skill beyond the storyboard stick figures he passed on to his colleagues, yet the smart ol' Phi Beta devised a chalk-talk routine which held its own with the Rube Goldbergs and Al Capps when we did personal appearances as a group in the WW II hospitals.

Saunders stayed on in the middle west instead of heeding the siren call of the cartoonists' cells in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles. He was sometimes chided for his devotion to weekly luncheon-service clubs as Rotary and Kiwanis. We now realize that this was how he kept his finger on the pulse of the audience he held for so long and passed on to his son John.

Warm friends we were but competitors we remained! I only beat him at his own game one time that I recall. In my *Canyon* story, the bad guys stuffed their victim bound and gagged into the trunk (boot) of a stolen Rolls Royce, and slammed the lid to lock him in.

At a filling station, the punks went to the men's room. The gas boy heard the groans and, being a foreign car buff, knew that a Rolls trunk cannot be slammed to lock. It must be done with a key! So the kid lifted the trunk lid and saved the day.

When this appeared in the newspapers, Allen wrote me, "I have owned a Rolls Royce for 20 years and I never thought of using that device in a story."



Allen Saunders's paper doll children are in good hands now. Most of the critics who called his work "Colonel Saunders' Ohio Fried Corn" are silent now—because no one has heard from them since.

—Milton Caniff

It is not an exaggeration to say that, of the aspiring writers Allen tutored, I enjoyed the longest tenure as "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." As he points out in *Playwright for Paper Actors* (*NEMO* #18), the teaching process began about 1948 and continued until his retirement in 1979.

My father's teaching technique was simple and effective. After we agreed on the general plot-line and the characters it was up to me to create the continuing "happenings" (as he called them) that would progress the story to conclusion. The presentation of each week of copy was followed by a recitation period that always included the same two questions: "Where are you going next?" and "How do you plan to get there?" Determining the "grade" of my work was easy: if the ever-present cloud of pipe smoke obscured a frown it meant back to the typewriter. If the haze muffled a chuckle or an "uh huh!" I could proceed to the next week.

Although the problems (some might call them perils) of working for your father are well documented, I've never doubted that Allen's belief that I should gain my skills through the tedious process of osmosis granted me benefits of "on-the-job-training" that could never be equalled.

The tiny paneled office to which I delivered my copy was a classroom without a blackboard, and my only text was a scrap of paper on which were scrawled the famous "five C's" of plotting. With the exception of a slight change in name on the door the office is much the same as it was 30 years ago. A word processor has replaced the old drawing board where Allen used to ponder over his beloved "roughs," but the carpet and the upholstery still reek of pipe-tobacco smoke.

As I look back on those years at "the feet of the Master" I realize that my father's method of imparting his wisdom and experience was one of quiet guidance and gentle admonition. I never heard him use scorn to express his annoyance over a mistake. His rules were simple: Trust your own good taste and remember that your first hunch is always the best.

—John Saunders

When I was growing up, I read every comic strip I could find, every day. Naturally, I had favorites. *Steve Roper* was my favorite continuity strip (for all my efforts, our family missed a few, so I seldom saw *Steve Canyon*)—it had clever plots, crisp dialogue, and superb artwork. One of my least favorites, somewhat predictably, was *Mary Worth*—not only did an adolescent find it difficult to relate to the matronly heroine, but the stories seemed molasses-slow, the speeches agonizingly Victorian, the artwork like unto a fashion catalog.

This is not a knife threat from Caniff to Saunders but the transfer of the Chairmanship of the Newspaper Comics Council (now the Newspaper Features Council). Instead of a gavel, an engraved table knife was used to rap on a table glass to call for order.

Photo courtesy of Milton Caniff

Eventually, I realized that the same name graced the little signature box in the corner. Could Allen Saunders really author such disparate features? Soon I came to respect Ken Ernst's artwork in *Mary Worth* as some of the slickest in the comics; I was softening on the old girl.

When I became comics editor of Field Newspaper Syndicate, and got paid to read *Mary Worth*, I was sincerely stunned. Either Allen Saunders had improved immeasurably in a few years, or I had never appreciated the rich characterization and compelling plot situations he continually constructed. Of course, the latter was the case: *Mary Worth* had one of the most loyal readerships in the business.

I finally learned that he also scripted humor strips, and *Kerry Drake*, and *Duke Handy* the advertising strip, and—years earlier—pulp adventures. My new respect was augmented by visits to Allen (my first assignment in the field at Field was the job of negotiation and diplomacy involving Allen and his partners). I discovered him to be a dedicated craftsman and a flinty, memorable personality.

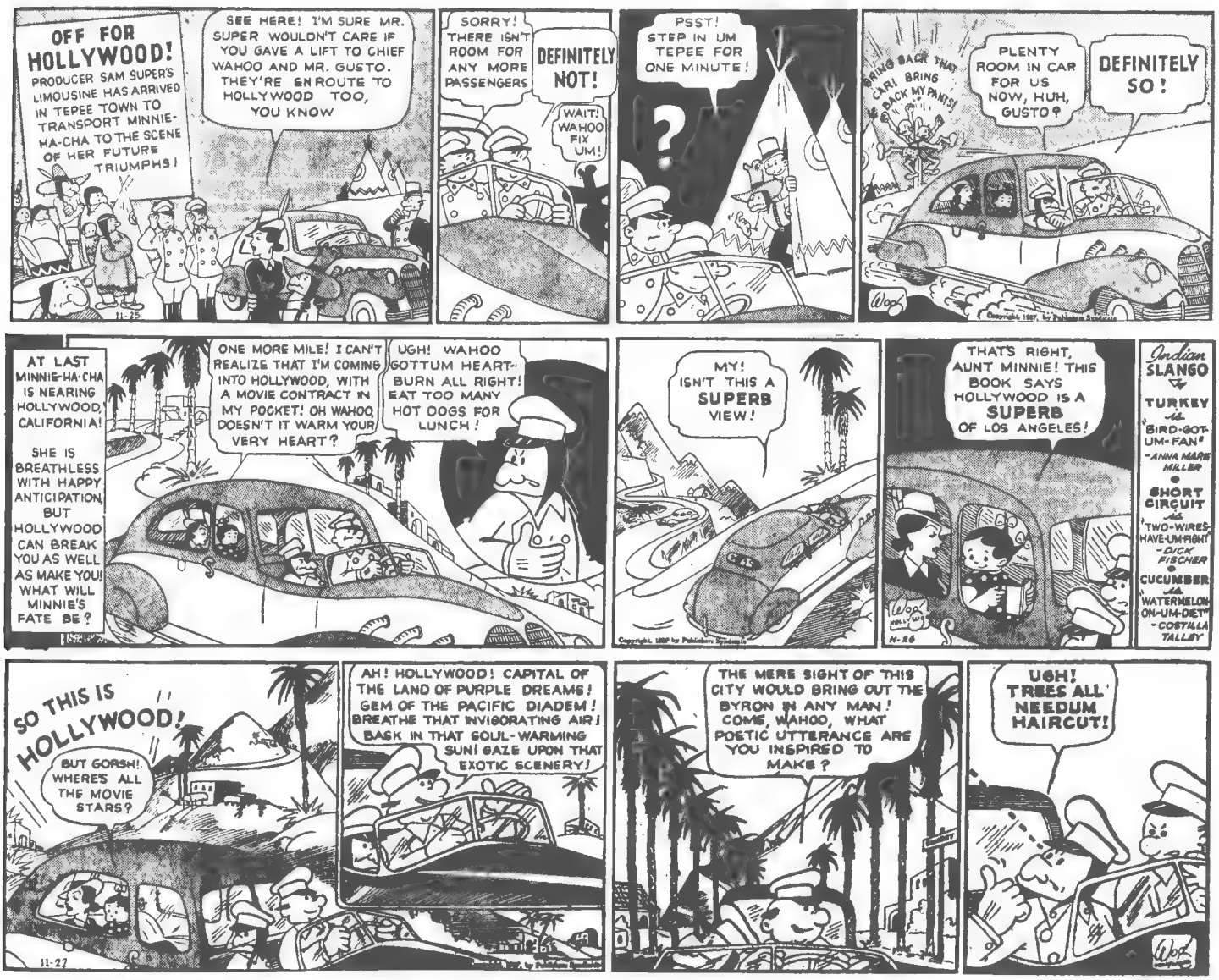
Playwright for Paper Actors, serialized in *NEMO*, is an appropriate *coda* to a career of amazing versatility. To many, like myself as a boy, he appeared to be the creator of strips anyone could like. But ultimately, Allen Saunders should be remembered as the creator of strips everyone could like.

—Rick Marschall

Big Chief Wahoo Hits HOLLYWOOD

It was 1937. Allen Saunders and Elmer Woggon had a success on their grateful hands with their new comic strip, *Big Chief Wahoo*. An obvious publicity stunt for the strip was to have the characters travel to Hollywood; one character, The Great Gusto (who was the strip's original titular star) was even patterned after the great W.C. Fields.

Saunders had also had experience interviewing film stars for newspaper readers in Ohio, so the trip seemed natural . . . and it gave Saunders and Wog a chance to make the trip themselves. The following raucous sequence is the result.


OFF FOR HOLLYWOOD!
PRODUCER SAM SUPER'S LIMOUSINE HAS ARRIVED IN TEPEE TOWN TO TRANSPORT MINNIE-HA-CHA TO THE SCENE OF HER FUTURE TRIUMPHS!
SEE HERE! I'M SURE MR. SUPER WOULDN'T CARE IF YOU GAVE A LIFT TO CHIEF WAHOO AND MR. GUSTO. THEY'RE ENROUTE TO HOLLYWOOD TOO, YOU KNOW
SORRY! THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR ANY MORE PASSENGERS
DEFINITELY NOT!
WAIT! WAHOO FIX UM!
PSST! STEP IN UM TEPEE FOR ONE MINUTE!
?
BRING BACK THAT CAR! BRING BACK MY PANTS!
PLENTY ROOM IN CAR FOR US NOW, HUH, GUSTO?
DEFINITELY SO!
Wog
AT LAST MINNIE-HA-CHA IS NEARING HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA!
SHE IS BREATHLESS WITH HAPPY ANTICIPATION, BUT HOLLYWOOD CAN BREAK YOU AS WELL AS MAKE YOU! WHAT WILL MINNIE'S FATE BE?
ONE MORE MILE! I CAN'T REALIZE THAT I'M COMING INTO HOLLYWOOD, WITH A MOVIE CONTRACT IN MY POCKET! OH WAHOO, DOESN'T IT WARM YOUR VERY HEART?
UGH! WAHOO GOTTUM HEART-BURN ALL RIGHT! EAT TOO MANY HOT DOGS FOR LUNCH!
MY! ISN'T THIS A SUPERB VIEW!
THAT'S RIGHT, AUNT MINNIE! THIS BOOK SAYS HOLLYWOOD IS A SUPERB OF LOS ANGELES!
Wog
Indian SLANGO
TURKEY
"BIRD-GOT-UM-FAN"
-ANNA MARIE MILLER
SHORT CIRCUIT
"TWO-WIRES-HAVE-UM-FIGHT"
-DICK FISCHER
CUCUMBER
"WATERMELON-ON-UM-DIET"
-COSTILLA TALLEY
SO THIS IS HOLLYWOOD!
BUT GORSH! WHERE'S ALL THE MOVIE STARS?
AH! HOLLYWOOD! CAPITAL OF THE LAND OF PURPLE DREAMS! GEM OF THE PACIFIC DIADEM! BREATHE THAT INVIGORATING AIR! BASK IN THAT SOUL-WARMING SUN! GAZE UPON THAT EXOTIC SCENERY!
THE MERE SIGHT OF THIS CITY WOULD BRING OUT THE BYRON IN ANY MAN! COME, WAHOO, WHAT POETIC UTTERANCE ARE YOU INSPIRED TO MAKE?
UGH! TREES ALL NEEDUM HAIRCUT!
Wog

MINNIE-HA-CHA'S IN MOVELAND!
TODAY OUR BUDDING STAR HAS HER FIRST INTERVIEW WITH SAM SUPER, PRESIDENT OF SUPER SUPER PICTURES INC. ONE OF THE BIGGEST MEN IN HOLLYWOOD
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. SUPER! MAY I PRESENT, CHIEF WAHOO AND MR. GUSTO?
YOU MAY NOT! I HAVE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!
SAM SUPER PRES.
11-29
BUT FIRST, GET RID OF THESE FUNNY LOOKING FRIENDS!
ZOUNDS, SIR! CHIEF WAHOO AND I RESENT BOTH YOUR TONE AND THE TENOR OF YOUR SLURRING REMARKS!
AND AS FOR YOU, SIR, IF YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN, YOU WOULD STAND UP WHEN YOU ADDRESS A LADY!
STAND UP? SO WHO IS SITTING DOWN?
MR. SUPER
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, WAHOO AND MR. GUSTO! TAKE A STROLL AROUND HOLLYWOOD WHILE I AM WITH MR. SUPER!
COME, NOW THAT WE ARE RID OF YOUR STUPID FRIENDS, I WANT YOU SHOULD MEET MY PUBLICITY MAN, BARRETT BLARE
11-30
BARRETT THIS IS PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA, OUR NEW STAR. IT IS UP TO YOU TO MAKE HER FAMOUS BY TOMORROW!
HI-YA DARLING
PUBLICITY
MISTER BLARE! I'LL BE ASKING YOU TO TAKE YOUR FEET OFF FROM YOUR DESK WHEN I AM SPEAKING WITH YOU! UNNASTAN?
DON'T MIND ME. DESK CLOSED ON FEET WHILE NAPPING. WAITING NOW FOR STUDIO LOCKSMITH. BUT HAVE I GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA FOR SELLING PRINCESS MINNIE-HA CHA! SIT DOWN. LISTEN!!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
ELECTRIC =
PORCUPINE =
WIN A WAHOO BOOKMARK! POST CARD YOUR OWN DIZZY WORD IDEA TO WAHOO % THIS PAPER
HOLLYWOOD SUPER SUPER PICTURES
ALL RIGHT, BLARE, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE OUR NEW STAR AS FAMOUS AS SCARBO- SO HOW?
HOLD! DESIST! WAIT!
PUBLICITY DEPT
BARRETT BLARE
12-1
BOSS, I GOT THE MOST COLOSSAL STUNT THAT EVER HIT SHOW BUSINESS. BUT BEFORE I 'SPRING IT— HOOT NANNY COME IN HERE!
HOOT, THIS IS PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA! HOW DO YOU LIKE HER?
AH RECKON TH' PRINCESS AN ME'LL GIT ALONG OKAY!
BUY SELL
GIT ALONG OKAY! GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES! YOU'RE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED!
HELP! WHAR'S MY VALET? AH THINK AH'M GONNA FAINT!
WHAT'S THIS? ENGAGED? NOT TO MINNIE WE HOPE!!
NEWS REEL
BARRETT BLARE, PUBLICITY GENIUS FOR SUPER SUPER PICTURES INC., HAS THROWN A VERBAL BOMBSHELL AT MINNIE-HA-CHA AND HOOT NANNY
WHAT? ME MARRY HIM? PREPOSTEROUS!
12-2
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? ME AN' MY HOSS GITS MORE FAN MAIL THAN PYRONE TOWER! BUT AH AIN'T A-AIMIN' TO MARRY NOBODY!
LOOK! BE REASONABLE! THIS IS A PERFECT SET-UP! "HE-MAN OF WIDE OPEN SPACES COURTS BUCKSKIN BEAUTY." HEADLINES FROM COAST TO COAST! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BE SEEN TOGETHER, AND TELL NOBODY—NOBODY—IT'S A FAKE! HOW ABOUT IT?
WELL, I KNOW I SHOULDN'T—BUT I PROMISE!
OKAY! AH PROMISES TOO. BUT AH'M GONNA FEEL MIGHTY MEAN, A-KEEPIN' SECRETS FROM MY HOSS, TILLIE!
AND MINNIE! HOW IS WAHOO GOING TO TAKE THIS SYNTHETIC ROMANCE
FOR SWEET PUBLICITY'S SAKE, MINNIE-HA-CHA HAS AGREED TO FAKE A ROMANTIC INTEREST IN A FELLOW STAR, HOOT NANNY, WESTERN IDOL, BUT SHE CAN'T TELL ANYBODY, NOT EVEN WAHOO, THAT IT'S A FRAME-UP
KNICKER HOTEL
WELL, MINNIE, DID YOU SHAKE YOURSELF FREE FROM THAT BOORISH MOVIE MAGNATE, SAM SUPER?
YES, AT LAST—AND AM I TIRED!
12-3
LOOK, MINNIE! WE HAVE HEAP FUN TONIGHT. WAHOO GOTTUM TWO SEATS FOR BOXUM FIGHTS!
I'M SORRY, WAHOO. I PROMISED TO GO WITH HOOT NANNY!
HMM♫ MY FRIEND, SINCE YOU WON'T BE USING THE TICKETS, MAY I HAVE THEM?
BOCKER
NEVER MIND—IF UM DRUG STORE COWBOY SHOW UP WITH MINNIE, YOU WON'T NEED UM TICKETS TO SEE UM SCRAP!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
ANTELOPE =
HOMESICK =
TOADSTOOL =
POST CARD YOUR OWN DIZZY WORD TO WAHOO IN CARE THIS PAPER

MINNIE-HA-CHA'S STUDIO HAS SENT HER TO THE LEGION FIGHTS WITH HOOT NANNY AS A PUBLICITY "ROMANCE" BUILD-UP- BUT WAHOO ISN'T GOING TO LET HIS TICKETS GO TO WASTE
LEGION STADIUM
HEY WAIT!
YOU GIT OUTA HERE, SMALL FRY!
BUT LOOK, WAHOO PAY GOOD WAMPUM FOR —
AH TOLE YOU TO GIT — NOW GIT!
WHY DON'T THAT KID'S MA KEEP HIM AT HOME? THESE AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS IS SHORE GITTIN' PESTIFEROUS
BEWARE HOOT! YOU'RE HATCHING YOURSELF A HEAP BIG HEADACHE!
MORE GRIEF BREWING FOR MINNIE-HA-CHA! THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT OF SUPER SUPER PICTURES HAS COOKED UP A FAKE ROMANCE FOR HER, AND SHE CAN'T EVEN LET HER SWEETIE IN ON THE SECRET
GOOD MORNING MY LITTLE LOVE BIRDS! HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS? OUR GAG HAS GONE OVER LIKE A CYCLONE!
NEW ROMANCE MINNIE HA CHA HOOT NANNY
INDIAN PRINCESS COWBOY ROMANCE
LISTEN TO THIS! PRUNELLA PERKINS SAYS IN HER MOVIE COLUMN: "PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA SEEMS TO HAVE ROPED WHAT POPULAR WESTERN STAR?" JIMMY FIDDLESTRING SAYS: "HOOT NANNY AND PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA ARE SIZZLING!" IT'S TERRIFIC!
WELL, AH DON'T LIKE IT! MY PUBLIC DON'T WANT ME LOLLYGAGGIN' AROUN'
YOU'RE CRAZY, HOOT! LOOK AT THAT CROWD OF FANS WAITING FOR YOU TO COME OUT! WHY THERE'S ONE KID THAT'S COME PREPARED TO GET A LOCK OF HAIR!
CHIEF WAHOO WANTS A LOCK OF HOOT'S HAIR, ALL RIGHT- A SCALP LOCK!!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
TURKEY-
PILLOW-
OH!
ORGANIZE-
POST CARD YOUR DIZZY WORD IDEAS TO WAHOO % THIS PAPER
FUSSMORE, THIS IS OUR NEW STAR, PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA. I WANT YOU SHOULD CREATE FOR HER A NEW HAIR-DRESS.
INDEED, YES, MR SUPER! HER COIFFURE IS IMPOSSIBLE!
FIRST LET US TRY THE "MODERNE MODE"
NO, PERHAPS A MANNISH TYPE"
OR A 1900 COIFFURE"
"KINDLY SIT STILL, PRINCESS, I'M DOING MY BEST, YOU KNOW!
"NO, THE DEBUTANTE WAVE IS DEFINITELY OUT ···"
"THIS IS THE SPANISH SIREN TYPE-TSK-TSK!"
AFTER 4 HOURS
I'M SORRY, MR. FUSSMORE, I DON'T LIKE ANY STYLE YOU'VE TRIED ON ME.
PLEASE BE PATIENT. I'M CREATING ANOTHER MODE, SOMETHING WITH THE INDIAN INFLUENCE
THERE! MY MASTER PIECE! LOOK- THAT IS THE WAY YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WEAR YOUR HAIR!
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT - I'VE BEEN WEARING IT JUST LIKE THAT FOR FIVE YEARS!
THAT PUBLICITY GAG OF LINKING MINNIE-HA-CHA'S NAME WITH THAT OF HOOT NANNY, A FELLOW STAR, HAS WAHOO GNAWING HIS NAILS AND PAWING THE AIR!
WAHOO MAD AS BEAR IN UM BEE'S NEST! ALL TIME YOU RUN AROUND WITH DUDE COWBOY. EVERYBODY SAY YOU SWEET ON HIM!
PLEASE, WAHOO, BE PATIENT! SOME DAY YOU WILL UNDERSTAND!
WAHOO FIND UM HOOT NANNY, HE BE PATIENT IN UM HOSPITAL
DEAR, DEAR! I HAD NO IDEA BEING A MOVIE STAR WOULD MAKE LIFE SO COMPLICATED
ALAS, MINNIE! IT SADDENS ME TO SEE TWO OLD FRIENDS FALL OUT. RUN AFTER THE CHIEF AND TELL HIM YOU LOVE HIM!
I'M SORRY, MR. GUSTO, BUT I CAN'T - I HAVE TO TAKE A LESSON IN MAKE-UP!
ZOUNDS! IF YOU EXPECT TO MAKE UP WITH WAHOO, YOU'D BETTER TAKE A WHOLE POST GRADUATE COURSE OF LESSONS!
PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA, THIS IS TIDDLE DE WINK, OUR POSTURE EXPERT. HE WILL TEACH YOU TO WALK LIKE A LADY!
OH, YES INDEED!
FIRST, CAN YOU DO THIS?
YES, AS A GIRL IN TEPEE TOWN I COULD CARRY A 10 GALLON JAR OF WATER ON MY HEAD. CAN YOU?
HMM - WELL - SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR CARRIAGE. WALK LIKE THIS!
WONDERFUL! WHY I NEVER SAW ANYONE GET THE "MOVIE STAR SLOUCH" SO QUICKLY. YOU MUST ALWAYS WALK LIKE THAT!
NO THANKS! YOU SEE I HAVE A TACK IN MY SHOE!!

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS PUBLICITY ROMANCE IS OVER, HOOT— I'M GETTING SICK OF THE SIGHT OF YOU!
WAL, AH AIN'T ENJOYIN' IT EITHER! WHEN WE'RE OUT TOGETHER NOBODY LOOKS AT—ME!
SUPER PICTURES
12-10
WELL, WELL! HELLO MY LITTLE LOVE BIRDS! SO HAPPY YOU LOOK! AND HAPPIER YOU'LL BE WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT I PLAN FOR YOU TODAY!
I AM GOING TO LET YOU MAKE YOUR SCREEN TEST TODAY, MINNIE, WITH HOOT NANNY AS YOUR LEADING MAN!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE STUDIO WALLS—
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!
UGH! MINNIE'S VOICE!
AH'LL STAY BY YOUR SIDE, THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL ON ME!
WAHOO HAS MISTAKEN A SCREEN TEST FOR A REAL ROMANTIC RENDEZVOUS THEREBY WRECKING MINNIE'S FIRST DAY OF MOVIE ACTING— AND HOOT NANNY'S PROFILE!
WAHOO TEACH YOU TO CALL HIS SQUAW FANCY NAMES!
DIRECTOR
12-11
THROW OUT THAT LOAFER FROM MY STUDIO!
SAM SUPER
CALLING ALL SUPERS! HALP!
AN' I WANT HIM KEPT OUTA TOWN TILL AFTER THE BIG PREMIERE. EVEN IF IT TAKES EVERY RELATIVE I GOT ON THE PAYROLL!
YES, UNCLE SAMUEL!
YES, COUSIN SAM!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
MAHOGANY-
DAVID MANSON
COPYCAT-
LOOK! TAKE THAT INDIAN OUT AND LOSE HIM! TONIGHT AT THE PREMIERE OF "RUMBLESEAT ROMANCE" COMES THE CLIMAX OF OUR BIG PUBLICITY BUILD-UP FOR PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA AND HOOT NANNY! WE WANT NO INTERRUPTIONS!
LEAVE IT TO US UNCLE SAMUEL!
SAM SUPER PRODUCTIONS
Copyright, 1937, by Publishers Syndicate 12-13
UNCLE SAMUEL HELP!
UNCLE!
UNCLE!
SOCK
BOP
2 HOURS LATER
WELL, BOYS— WHAT SAY WE LIGHTEN OUR LOAD RIGHT HERE!
UGH! WAHOO NO LIKE UM DESERT!
TO HOLLYWOOD 60 MILES
SO YOU DON'T LIKE THE DESERT, HUH? WELL, IN TWO SECONDS YOU'LL BE STUCK ON IT, CHIEF!
HAPPY LANDINGS!
Indian SLANG
LEATHER GLOVES are "MOCCASINS-FOR-UM-PAWS" -PUSAYE SAGATA
SLIDE RULE is "RITHMETIC-ON-UM-STICK" -ALBERT PARDUE
SHOWER BATH is "PRIVATE-RAIN" -ETHEL
TO KEEP WAHOO FROM SHOWING UP AT THE BIG PREMIERE TONIGHT, SAM SUPER HAS HAD THE CHIEF TAKEN OUT OF HOLLYWOOD AND DESERTED ON THE DESERT!
UGH! PRICKLE PLANT MAKE UM POOR PILLOW!
12-14
GONNA BE HEAP LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN!
HEY!
WHAT'S WRONG STRANGER? ARE YA LOST?
NOPE! WAHOO NOT LOST HOLLYWOOD LOST. BUT WHY YOU STAND OUT HERE?
M'PONY STEPPED IN A PRAIRIE DAWG HOLE AN AH'M TRYIN' TO FIGGER OUT HOW AH'LL GET HIM BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE
OKAY! STOP FIGGERIN'— SHOW WAHOO UM WAY!
HERE'S MY RANCH, PARDNER. AN' AH'M POWERFUL MUCH OBLIGED TO YA. THAT'D BEEN A LONG WALK FOR A HURT HOSS. C'M IN AN' REST A SPELL!
12-15
LET'S SEE WHAT WE GOT ON THIS DANGED RADIO-
BRINGING YOU THE LATEST FILM GOSSIP. EVENT OF TONIGHT IS THE PREMIERE OF RUMBLESEAT ROMANCE
AND HERE'S A SCOOP, FOLKS, AT THE PREMIERE, HOOT NANNY AND THAT NEW INDIAN STAR, MINNIE-HA-CHA, WILL ANNOUNCE THEIR ENGAGEMENT!
WHY THAT LILY-LIVERED COYOTE!
YOU KNOW HIM?
KNOW HIM? WHY, AH'M KINDA RELATED TO THAT HOMBRE BY MARRIAGE!
Y'SEE, AH HAPPEN TO BE HIS WIFE!

WHEN SAM SUPER'S MEN LEFT WAHOO STRANDED ON THE DESERT, THEY MADE THE BIG MISTAKE OF LEAVING HIM ON HOOT NANNY'S RANCH!
YES, SIR, FOLKS! TONIGHT AT THE BIG PREMIERE, YOU'LL HEAR THAT GREAT WESTERN STAR, HOOT NANNY, MURMURING REAL WORDS OF LOVE TO THE PRETTY PRAIRIE POSY – PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA!
MY HUSBAND'S GONNA DO WHAT ??
WHY, AH TOOK THAT YAP FROM BEHIND A SODY FOUNTAIN AN' LEARNED HIM TO BE A COWHAND! USE TO HAVE TO HELP HIM ON A HOSS! AN' NOW HE'S RUNNIN' OUT ON ME!
HEAP HECK! WHAT CAN WE DO?
DO? WE'RE A-GOIN' TO THAT PREMEER AN' START TH' BIGGEST RUMPUS HOLLYWOOD EVER SAW! C'MON LET'S GIT A-MOVIN'!
NOW, YOU KEEP OUTA SIGHT TILL AH GIVE TH' SIGNAL – GIT ME ?
CHUG! CHUG!
YEP
OH BOY! WHAT A SURPRISE HOOT NANNY IS IN FOR!!
AS GIANT SPOTLIGHTS STAB THE SKY, A TRUCK BEARING A STRANGE CARGO SPEEDS TOWARD THE THEATER WHERE CHIEF WAHOO'S ROMANCE IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF BALLYHOO!
MR. BLARE! THAT PUBLICITY GAG OF YOURS IS COLOSSAL!
THIS IS HOOT NANNY SPEAKIN! AN AH WANTA TELL ALL YOU FOLKS LISTENIN' IN THAT THIS HERE PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA HAS ABOUT GOT ME IN TH' NOTION OF STEPPIN OUT IN DOUBLE HARNESS!
SAY! WHAT'S ALL THAT YELPIN' ABOUT ?
WOO! WOO! WOO!
HEY! STOP UM!
PREMIERE
WHOA THERE!
WAHOO HAS ARRIVED AT THE PREMIERE JUST IN TIME TO TOSS A TOMAHAWK INTO SAM SUPER'S BIG PUBLICITY "ROMANCE" BETWEEN HOOT NANNY AND MINNIE-HA CHA
PREMIERE TONIGHT
HEY! YOU SAWED OFF IDIOT! FOR WHY YOU BUST IN ON MY SHOW?
YEAH! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF INTERRUPTIN' ME JUST WHEN AH'M TELLIN' MY RADIO PUBLIC ABOUT HOW MY GAL LOVES ME?
WAHOO SHOW YOU HEAP QUICK! PSST! COME ON PAPOOSES!
HOWDY DAPPY!!
SEND TO MY OFFICE THAT MINNIE-HA-CHA! A BIG SURPRISE I GOT FOR HER!
DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME, MR SUPER?
FOR ONE MINUTE– THEN I NEVER WANT TO LOOK AT YOU AGAIN!
YOU MESSED UP MY BIG PUBLICITY STUNT! YOUR FILM CAREER IS OVER! YOU ARE FIRED !! –GET OUT OF MY STUDIO!
BUY A $5 SEAL
SAM SUPER PICS
SIT DOWN! CRAZY PALEFACE!
RING RING
YES, MR. SUPER! YOU RANG FOR ME?
BZZz BUZZ BZZz
HOLLY-WOOD IS FULL OF HEART-BREAKS, BUT MINNIE IS NOT BEATEN YET !
A FINE MESS, WAHOO! NOW WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
POOR MINNIE-HA-CHA! FIRED BY SAM SUPER BEFORE SHE HAS HAD A CHANCE TO FACE A CAMERA IN A SINGLE FEATURE FILM!
GO BACK TO TEPEE TOWN- 'LEVENTY-SIX, 'LEVENTY-SEVEN!
BUT I CAN'T GO BACK, A FAILURE TO FACE MY FRIENDS!
HOLD ! WHAT'S THIS? THE UNION BANK, WHICH OWNS SUPER STUDIOS, IS OFFERING THEM FOR SALE!
WHO CARE ABOUT THAT?
WAHOO, MY BOY! I HAVE A TERRIFIC IDEA!
IF IT COST MONEY— ANSWER IS NO!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
SADDLE-
MILDRED - GROTENORA
HURRICANE-
JOHN - CHILDS
POST CARD YOUR OWN DIZZY WORDS TO WAHOO, THIS PAPER

ALL I'M SUGGESTING, CHIEF, IS THAT YOU BUY SUPER STUDIOS FROM THE UNION BANK!
NOPE!
12-22
WITH MY GIFT FOR SHOWMANSHIP, I COULD MAKE MINNIE HA-CHA THE GREATEST STAR OF OUR ERA!
NOPE!
AND NOTHING GONNA CHANGE WAHOO'S MIND!
BUT, CHIEF! LOOK AT MINNIE!
HEAP HECK! SQUAWS' TEARS MAKE MORE TROUBLE THAN RIVER ON RAMPAGE!
THANKS, CHIEF! YOU NOW HAVE SUPER STUDIOS AND MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY!
UNION BANK
DEED
A SUCKER AGAIN! WAHOO HAS SUNK HIS ENTIRE BANKROLL IN A STUDIO THE SHERIFF WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE!
WAHOO'S IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS!
HE HAS BOUGHT THE SUPER SUPER FILM STUDIO FROM THE BANK THAT OWNED IT —
AND HE SAM SUPER DUE FOR A SURPRISE!
AND THEM IS MY ORDERS— UMNASTAN?
YES, MR. SUPER
YES, MR. SUPER
YES, MR. SUPER
AWK! YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, MR. SUPER!
12-23
WAIT! WHAT ARE THESE TWO BUMMERS DOING HERE?
I TOLD MY RELATIVES TO KICK OUT EVERYBODY WHO DIDN'T BELONG IN THIS STUDIO!
WHY HAS MY ORDER NOT BEEN CARRIED OUT?
SUPER STUDIOS
OKAY— WAHOO CARRY OUT UM ORDER— NOW UM RELATIVES CAN CARRY OUT SAM SUPER!
WELL, FOLKS, FIRST THING OUR NEW STUDIO NEEDS IS A STORY FOR MINNIE-HA-CHA, SO I'VE DUG UP THIS PLAY "LEFT OVER LOVE," I USED IT MANY TIMES IN MY TENT SHOWS.
CHIEF WAHOO'S SUPER PICTURES
CHIEF WAHOO PRESIDENT
12-24
AS THE SCENE OPENS, NELL — THAT'LL BE YOU, MINNIE — IS WALKING HOME FROM THE MILL — A TALL DARK STRANGER PASSES BY—
LEFT OVER LOVE
1 HOUR PASSES BY
—THEN WE SEE NELL AND HER LOVER STROLLING INTO THE SUNSET. THE END. ISN'T THAT COLOSSAL! AS DIRECTOR, I'M GOING TO PUT EVERYTHING I'VE GOT INTO IT!
HOW ABOUT YOU, CHIEF?
WAHOO ALREADY PUT ALL HE GOT INTO UM STUDIO! JUMPIN' PICTURE BETTER MAKE PLENTY WAMPUM!
LEFT OVER LOVE
WHAT? HAS WAHOO SUNK HIS WAD IN THIS DEAL? THIS FILM MUST NOT FLOP!
GOSH, FOLKS! THANKS FOR THE DOLL AND RING!
YOU'RE VERY WELCOME, PIGTAILS! BUT, WITH ALL OUR FUNDS INVESTED IN OUR MOVIE, SANTA WON'T LEAVE MUCH FOR US GROWN-UPS, I FEAR
12-25
AT A GREAT PERSONAL SACRIFICE, HOWEVER, I DID GET A TOKEN OF MY REGARD FOR WAHOO!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, CHIEF! LEAD ON TO THE KITCHEN! I BOUGHT YOU A DUCK AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS, BUT I HAD TO SELL MY WATCH TO PAY THE BILL!
TO WAHOO
HEAP MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU! WAHOO SOLD UM STOVE AN' DISHES TO BUY YOU UM NEW WATCH CHAIN!
Indian SLANGO
THE BIG APPLE
"ANTS-IN-UM-PANTS" — BOBBIE McMILLAN
PRUNE
"PLUM-GOTTUM-WRINKLED-PUSS" — CHARLIE PEACOCK
WOODEN SHOES
"LITTLE-CANOES-FOR-UM-FEET" — MYRTLE MAE UBBINGA
SINCE ALL THE STARS HERE WERE UNDER PERSONAL CONTRACT TO SAM SUPER, I'VE CALLED THE CASTING BUREAU TO GET YOUR LEADING MAN FOR "LEFT OVER LOVE" MINNIE!
I'M SO THRILLED! I DO HOPE HE'S HANDSOME!
CHIEF WAHOO HERE HE-Y
12-27
AND LOOK AT THAT ASSORTMENT OF MALE BEAUTY DOWN AT THE CASTING OFFICE! COME ON, MINNIE, AND PICK OUT YOUR ROMEO!
THIS IS MY CHOICE! I COULD REALLY GET ROMANTIC WITH HIM AS MY LEADING MAN!
CASTING OFFICE
NO!
IF MINNIE GONNA PLAY LOVE ON WAHOO'S MONEY SHE DO UM WITH THIS ONE!

Chief WAHOO SUPER-PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD
HMM! IF WAHOO INSISTS I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SIGN YOU UP AS MINNIE-HA-CHA'S LEADING MAN IN "LEFT OVER LOVE"
YEP! WAHOO WANT NO PRETTY PALEFACES MAKE UM LOVE TO MINNIE
12-26
I'M VERY DUBIOUS! WHAT EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD IN PICTURES?
I WAS A CHAMPEEN HORSESHOE PITCHER SO THEY GAVE ME THE LEAD IN A LOT OF 'ZARZAN FILMS!
ZARZAN in SWINGTIME IN THE JUNGLE
WHY YOU QUIT THAT JOB?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, MY CHEST GOT SORE FROM POUNDIN' IT— BUT WHAT REALLY MADE ME MAD WAS ONE NIGHT THEY GOT MIXED UP AND LOCKED ME IN A CAGE AND GAVE THE APE MY PAY CHECK!
USE YOUR NOODLE, WAHOO. WITH ALL YOUR DOUGH SUNK IN THIS PICTURE, YOU NEED A BETTER LEADING MAN THAN THIS OAF!!
TODAY WAHOO AND GUSTO START SHOOTING ON THEIR FIRST MOVIE, AND THEY'LL BE LUCKY IF SOME STRAY HUNTER DOESN'T SHOOT THE LEADING MAN, HAMMOND RYE— FOR A WOLF!
Chief WAHOO STUDIOS
ALL READY FOR THE FIRST TAKE ON "LEFT OVER LOVE" PLACES, MINNIE AND MR. RYE!
WAIT A MINUTE! I GOTTA HAVE A STAND-IN!
HAMMOND RYE
12-29
WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE EXPENDITURES. WAHOO, YOU SIT DOWN AND GAZE INTO MINNIE'S EYES, LOVINGLY!
NOW REGISTER TENDER EMOTION! DON'T SQUIRM!
BE QUIET, CHIEF! WE CAN'T FOCUS THE CAMERA! I SAID E— MOTION--- NOT MOTION!
WHAT ON EARTH IS EATING YOU?
PLENTY! WAHOO SITTIN' ON UM ANT HILL!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
WIG WAM
ART POGGEMEYER
INSURANCE
UM
SURE
PATSY O'BRIEN
POST CARD YOUR DIZZY WORDS TO WAHOO IN CARE THIS PAPER
THERE, MR. RYE! YOU'VE BEEN SAYING, MR. GUSTO, OUR DIRECTOR, WAS A FAKE — BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE VISITORS BEGGING FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH!
ME NEXT!
HAMMOND RYE
THINK HIS I.Q.U IS ANY GOOD?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT IF THIS PICTURE THEY'RE SHOOTING IS A FLOP THAT INDIAN HAD BETTER BEAT THE SHERIFF OUTA HOLLYWOOD!
AUTOGRAPHS, HUH?
HAMMOND RYE
HERE, MR. RYE, I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THAT NEXT SCENE WITH MINNIE-HA-CHA!
SAY, BEET NOSE, I'VE FORGOT MORE ABOUT MOVIES THAN YOU'LL EVER LEARN!
WHY YOU INSOLENT HAM! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT THREE COMPANIES ARE AFTER ME RIGHT NOW!
YEAH, I SAW THEM— THE ELECTRIC, GAS AND WATER COMPANIES! I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR CHIEF WAHOO, SINKING ALL HIS COIN IN THIS TURKEY!
POOR WAHOO! NOTHING IN HIS WALLET NOW BUT MOTHS!
NOW FOR THIS SHOT, WE'LL HAVE TO BUY, OR RENT A "CAMERA BOOM"
YOU MEAN MAKE UM CAMERA BLOW UP?
12-31
NO, NO! A CAMERA BOOM IS A THING LIKE THIS, USED TO PHOTGRAPH SCENES FROM ABOVE.
WAIT HERE! WAHOO FIX UM!
15 MINUTES LATER
QUIET PLEASE! WHAT TH—!
TOOT! TOOT!
CRASH BANG
ZZZ PUFF!
TOOT! TOOT!
ALAS AND ALACK, WAHOO! 'TIS NEW YEAR'S DAY, BUT WE ARE WITHOUT FUNDS AND—APPARENTLY, WITHOUT FRIENDS!
UGH! WAMPUM BAG EMPTY AS OLD BIRD'S NEST, TOO!
IF JUST ONE PERSON IN HOLLYWOOD CAME TO EXTEND SEASON'S GREETINGS, MY HEART WOULD LEAP WITH JOY!
HARK! WHAT IS THAT COMMOTION ON THE LAWN?
HEY GUSTO! YOUR HEART GONNA BE HEAP TIRED WHEN IT GETS THROUGH HOPPIN'!
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
HOLLYWOOD

FOR MANY MOONS, OIL WELLS HAVE GUSHED LIQUID GOLD INTO THE POCKETS OF BIG CHIEF WAHOO
BUT HIS SWEET PAPOOSIE, MINNIE-HA-CHA, CRAVED A MOVIE CAREER, AND THE KIND LITTLE REDSKIN HAS BOUGHT A STUDIO AND SUNK HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE IN A FEATURE CALLED "LEFT OVER LOVE"
1-3
UGH! WAMPUM BAG HEAP EMPTY!
AT HOME (WHAT'S LEFT OF IT)
ZOUNDS, PIGTAILS! NOT A STICK OF FURNITURE LEFT TO SELL TO BUY GROCERIES, AND I'M FAMISHED!
CHEER UP, MR. GUSTO! WAHOO IS FIXIN' FOOD. HE SAYS HE HAS A JOB — SELLING CLOTHING!
A SALESMAN? IMPOSSIBLE! WHOSE CLOTHES COULD HE SELL?
SELL UM WAHOO'S CLOTHES!
WHAT A DWELLING! EVERY STICK OF FURNITURE SOLD TO PAY OUR BILLS! I'VE SENT WAHOO OUT TO FIND US AN INEXPENSIVE HOUSE!
HERE HE COMES NOW!
1-4
WAHOO FINDUM FANCY WIGWAM! C'MON!
THERE SHE IS!
ZOUNDS, WE CAN'T AFFORD SUCH A PALACE! NO, WAHOO, WE COULDN'T EVEN FURNISH IT!
ALREADY FURNISHED! C'MON IN!
OPEN UM FRONT DOOR AND YOU'RE IN UM BACK YARD!
GORSH! IT'S JUST A MOVIE SET!
THIS IS THE LAST DAY OF SHOOTING ON "LEFT OVER LOVE". WE SHOW MINNIE DRIVEN OUT INTO THE COLD, COLD NIGHT. YOU, CHIEF, WILL BE THE SNOW STORM!
I FEEL LIKE UM BLIZZARD ALL RIGHT!
1-5
I'VE ORDERED A CARTON OF BLEACHED CORN FLAKES FOR SNOW. YOU STAND BEHIND THE SET AND THROW THEM DOWN ON HER, SEE?
UMMM-YEP!
ALREADY? ACTION! CAMERA!
ZOUNDS! HE'S THROWING EMPTY BOXES!
I CAN'T EVEN TRUST THAT REDSKIN TO DO THE SIMPLEST CHORE!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
THAT GREAT DRAMA— "LEFT OVER LOVE"— WHICH WAHOO HAS LITERALLY TAKEN THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK TO FINANCE, HAS BEEN COMPLETED AT LAST!
HERE'S THE FILM, WAHOO, BUT OUR CUTTER HAS QUIT BECAUSE HE WASN'T PAID —SO WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IT TOGETHER OURSELVES!
1-6
AH, BUT I MUST GO RENT A THEATER FOR OUR PREMIERE, CAN YOU FINISH THE JOB? YOU KNOW THE STORY
SURE
WAHOO FIX UM UP!
I'M LOOKING FOR WAHOO! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM, MR. GUSTO?
HE'S IN THERE ASSEMBLING OUR FILM— AND IS HE ONLY WRAPPED UP IN HIS JOB!
GO EASY, CHIEF! YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE DEPENDS ON THIS PICTURE! IT BETTER BE GOOD!
A SPLENDID IDEA, MINNIE— TAKING THESE CLOTHES OUT OF THE STUDIO WARDROBE TO WEAR TO OUR BIG PREMIERE TONIGHT!
IF UM PICTURE NO GOOD, WE BETTER HAVE UM SUIT OF ARMOR!
LEFT OVER
1-7
LOOK! A LINE-UP A BLOCK LONG TO OUR BOX-OFFICE! WHY, THIS PICTURE WILL MAKE MILLIONS!
THIS GOES TO SHOW THAT WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS IS SERIOUS HIGH-GRADE DRAMA!
ZOUNDS! THEY'RE GOING NEXT DOOR!
LOVE LEFT OVER LOVE starring
FLEA CIRCUS 10¢

BY HANDING OUT 997 FREE PASSES, GUSTO HAS ENTICED 1000 PEOPLE IN TO SEE "LEFT OVER LOVE" (GUSTO, WAHOO AND MINNIE PAID TO GET IN) AS WE ENTER, THE THIRD REEL IS UNWINDING

1-8

HMM! A RATHER COLD AUDIENCE SO FAR!

YEP! THEY SIT ON UM HANDS TO KEEP UM WARM!

ZOUNDS! WAHOO! YOU PUT THAT SCENE IN UPSIDE DOWN!

WHEE! TURN 'EM OVER HA! HA!

THIS IS ONE OF OUR BEST SCENES. WATCH IT THRILL THE AUDIENCE!

AT LAST, HECTOR, WE ARE ALONE!

HA! HA! HA! HA!

YES, DARLING, ALONE!

STOP THOSE GUFFAWS! THIS IS SERIOUS DRAMA, FOLKS! AT LEAST, IT WILL BE SERIOUS FOR WAHOO IF THE PICTURE FAILS. HE HAS PUT HIS LAST PENNY INTO IT!!

"LEFT OVER LOVE". THE DRAMA IN WHICH WAHOO HAS SUNK HIS LAST DIME, IS WOWING THE PREMIERE AUDIENCE— **BUT** THEY'RE HOWLING AT THE BONERS, THE BUNGLED LOVE SCENES AND BAD CAMERA WORK!

1-10

PSST! THINGS LOOK BETTER— THE AUDIENCE HASN'T LAUGHED FOR OVER A MINUTE NOW!

GO — AND NEVER DARKEN MY DOOR AGAIN!

HA! HA!

OH CRUEL FATE! CAST OUT IN THE COLD, COLD RAIN!

PSST! RAIN, WAHOO!

COME ON, WAHOO, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WOW! LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES! HA! HA!

THE AUDIENCE IS IN STITCHES AT THE PREVIEW OF "LEFT OVER LOVE"— AND THE PRODUCERS ARE IN THE AISLE READY TO FLEE FROM THE SCENE OF THEIR DISGRACE

WAIT, CHIEF HERE'S THE BEAUTIFUL SCENE WITH THE DOG!

LOOK! THEY'VE USED X-RAY FILM!

LEFT OVER LOVE

HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT A TERRIBLE PICTURE! THEY **LAUGHED** AT US! I WAS NEVER SO MORTIFIED IN MY LIFE! LET'S GO BACK TO TEPEE TOWN — AND HIDE!

FOUR OF US, AND NO MONEY? WHAT'LL WE RIDE ON?

ON UM THUMBS— LET'S GO!

WAHOO AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE FLED FROM HOLLYWOOD, BELIEVING THEIR FIRST MOVIE, "LEFT OVER LOVE", IS A FLOP. IF THEY HAD ONLY WAITED TO READ THE REVIEWS!

1-12

LOS ANG...

"LEFT OVER LOVE" FUNNIEST FILM OF SEASON!

NEW COMEDIENNE, MINNIE-HA-CHA DISAPPEARS

LEFT OVER LOVE WILL CLEAN UP FORTUNE SAYS

WHERE IS NEWEST HOLLYWOOD STAR HIDING?

LEFT O... FIVE-BELL RATING

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! THAT GIRL IS A GOLD-MINE — AND I FIRED HER! WHO CAN I BLAME FOR SUCH A DUMB TRICK?

HOWEVER YET, SAM SUPER IS NEVER LICKED!!

GO! FIND ME MINNIE-HA-CHA AND A MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT I'LL GIVE HER — IF YOU FAIL, I'LL FIRE YOU AND YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK!

YES UNCLE SAM!

BUT— ON A ROAD MANY MILES FROM HOLLYWOOD

UNAWARE THAT THEIR FIRST PICTURE IS A ROUSING HIT AND THAT PRODUCER SAM SUPER IS FRANTICALLY SEARCHING FOR MINNIE-HA-CHA WITH A CONTRACT, WAHOO AND HIS PALS HEAD BACK TO TEPEE TOWN—

WE'RE NOT HAVING MUCH LUCK HITCH HIKING! PASSED UP EVERY TIME! AND NO MORE CARS IN SIGHT!

GOOD! WAHOO'S THUMB NEED UM REST!

TEPEE TOWN

1-13

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WAIT! WAHOO HEAR UM BIG GAS WAGON COMIN'!

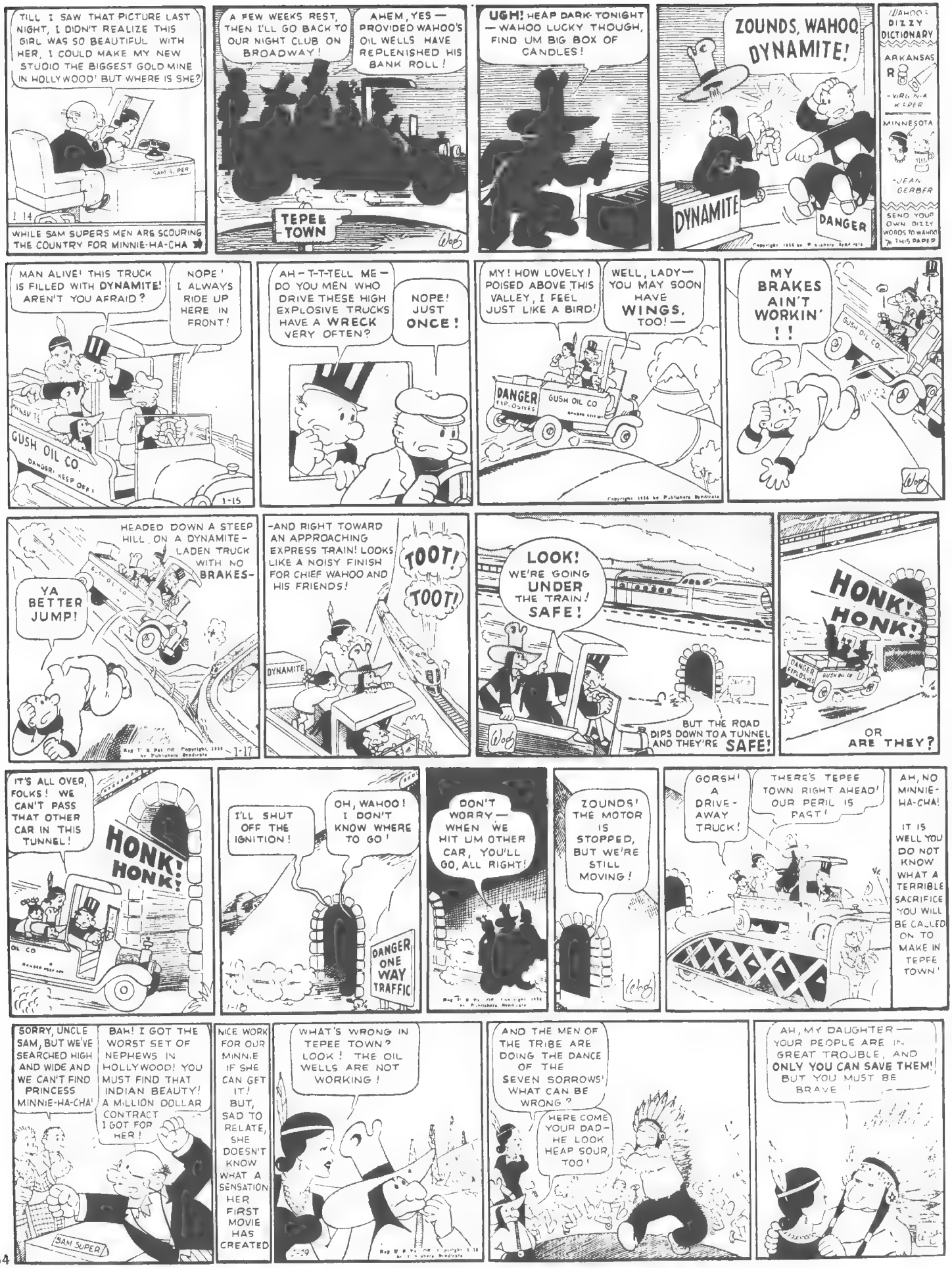
HAIL, STRANGER! HOW ABOUT TRANSPORTATION FOR FOUR WEARY WAYFARERS?

SURE! CLIMB ON!

NOW WE'LL FORGET HOW BAD OUR MOVIE WAS—

—HERE WE ARE SAFELY ON THE ROAD TO TEPEE TOWN!

DANGER THIS TRUCK HAULING HIGH EXPLOSIVES


TILL I SAW THAT PICTURE LAST NIGHT, I DIDN'T REALIZE THIS GIRL WAS SO BEAUTIFUL WITH HER, I COULD MAKE MY NEW STUDIO THE BIGGEST GOLD MINE IN HOLLYWOOD! BUT WHERE IS SHE?
WHILE SAM SUPERS MEN ARE SCOURING THE COUNTRY FOR MINNIE-HA-CHA
A FEW WEEKS REST, THEN I'LL GO BACK TO OUR NIGHT CLUB ON BROADWAY!
AHEM, YES — PROVIDED WAHOO'S OIL WELLS HAVE REPLENISHED HIS BANK ROLL!
TEPEE TOWN
UGH! HEAP DARK TONIGHT — WAHOO LUCKY THOUGH, FIND UM BIG BOX OF CANDLES!
ZOUNDS, WAHOO, DYNAMITE!
DYNAMITE
DANGER
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
ARKANSAS
-VIRGINIA KEPER
MINNESOTA
-JEAN GERBER
SEND YOUR OWN DIZZY WORDS TO WAHOO % THIS PAPER
MAN ALIVE! THIS TRUCK IS FILLED WITH DYNAMITE! AREN'T YOU AFRAID?
NOPE! I ALWAYS RIDE UP HERE IN FRONT!
GUSH OIL CO.
DANGER! KEEP OFF!
AH — T-T-TELL ME — DO YOU MEN WHO DRIVE THESE HIGH EXPLOSIVE TRUCKS HAVE A WRECK VERY OFTEN?
NOPE! JUST ONCE!
MY! HOW LOVELY! POISED ABOVE THIS VALLEY, I FEEL JUST LIKE A BIRD!
WELL, LADY — YOU MAY SOON HAVE WINGS, TOO! —
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
GUSH OIL CO
MY BRAKES AIN'T WORKIN'!!
GUSH OIL CO.
HEADED DOWN A STEEP HILL ON A DYNAMITE-LADEN TRUCK WITH NO BRAKES-
YA BETTER JUMP!
-AND RIGHT TOWARD AN APPROACHING EXPRESS TRAIN! LOOKS LIKE A NOISY FINISH FOR CHIEF WAHOO AND HIS FRIENDS!
TOOT! TOOT!
DYNAMITE
LOOK! WE'RE GOING UNDER THE TRAIN! SAFE!
BUT THE ROAD DIPS DOWN TO A TUNNEL AND THEY'RE SAFE!
HONK! HONK!
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
GUSH OIL CO
OR ARE THEY?
IT'S ALL OVER, FOLKS! WE CAN'T PASS THAT OTHER CAR IN THIS TUNNEL!
HONK! HONK!
OIL CO
I'LL SHUT OFF THE IGNITION!
OH, WAHOO! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO!
DANGER ONE WAY TRAFFIC
DON'T WORRY — WHEN WE HIT UM OTHER CAR, YOU'LL GO, ALL RIGHT!
ZOUNDS! THE MOTOR IS STOPPED, BUT WE'RE STILL MOVING!
GORSH! A DRIVE-AWAY TRUCK!
THERE'S TEPEE TOWN RIGHT AHEAD! OUR PERIL IS PAST!
AH, NO MINNIE-HA-CHA!
IT IS WELL YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT A TERRIBLE SACRIFICE YOU WILL BE CALLED ON TO MAKE IN TEPEE TOWN!
SORRY, UNCLE SAM, BUT WE'VE SEARCHED HIGH AND WIDE AND WE CAN'T FIND PRINCESS MINNIE-HA-CHA!
BAH! I GOT THE WORST SET OF NEPHEWS IN HOLLYWOOD! YOU MUST FIND THAT INDIAN BEAUTY! A MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT I GOT FOR HER!
SAM SUPER!
NICE WORK FOR OUR MINN.E IF SHE CAN GET IT! BUT, SAD TO RELATE, SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT A SENSATION HER FIRST MOVIE HAS CREATED
WHAT'S WRONG IN TEPEE TOWN? LOOK! THE OIL WELLS ARE NOT WORKING!
AND THE MEN OF THE TRIBE ARE DOING THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN SORROWS! WHAT CAN BE WRONG?
HERE COME YOUR DAD — HE LOOK HEAP SOUR, TOO!
AH, MY DAUGHTER — YOUR PEOPLE ARE IN GREAT TROUBLE, AND ONLY YOU CAN SAVE THEM! BUT YOU MUST BE BRAVE!

YOU SAY, OH FATHER, THAT MY PEOPLE ARE IN GRAVE TROUBLE?
YES, DAUGHTER— SEE—THEY DO THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN SORROWS!
HUMPH! LOOKS JUST LIKE THE BIG APPLE TO ME!
1-20
BEHOLD OUR OIL WELLS! ONCE BLACK GOLD GUSHED FROM THAT FOREST OF SQUARE TREES. TODAY, BECAUSE OF YOU, THEY ARE DRY AS ANCIENT SPRINGS !!
WHY YOU BLAME MINNIE? SHE DON'T DRINK UM OIL!
SILENCE! MY CHILD HAS OFFENDED THE GODS! SHE HAS BECOME BEAUTIFUL IN THE PALEFACE MANNER !!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO APPEASE THE GODS — YOU MUST DRINK THE MAGIC POTION "WHOOP-LA"!
NO! NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!
WHOOP-LA
OH, FATHER! I'M READY TO MAKE ANY SACRIFICE TO APPEASE THE GODS AND CAUSE OUR OIL WELLS TO FLOW AGAIN — BUT NOT THAT!
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY YOU MUST DRINK THE MAGIC POTION! WHOOP-LA!
WHOOP-LA
1-22
SEE HERE, CHIEF ELK-TOOTH, WHAT IS THIS WHOOP-LA?
THIS SKINNY DOG SHALL BE YOUR ANSWER, MR. GUSTO
I GIVE HIM THE MAGIC WHOOP-LA TO DRINK— PUT HIM IN THAT TEPEE!
WAIT ONE MINUTE—AND THEN— LOOK!
THERE! ONE DRINK OF WHOOP-LA AND I'LL BE AS FAT AS THAT!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
HANDKERCHIEF
WILLIAM KRAEMER JR.
CASHEW NUT
DEANE ABOUDARA
POST CARD YOUR OWN DIZZY WORDS TO WAHOO % THIS PAPER
WELL, CHIEF, IF MINNIE DRINKS THE MAGIC WHOOP-LA, SHE MAY SAVE THE TRIBAL OIL WELLS, BUT I HATE TO SEE HER TURN INTO A FAT SQUAW AGAIN!
HEAP GREAT HONOR TO DRINK UM WHOOP-LA!
1-22
SEE! CHIEF HOKUS-POKUS, BIG MEDICINE MAN, MIX UM UP FRESH BATCH OF WHOOP-LA FOR MINNIE NOW!
WHOOP-LA
GULP!
ZOUNDS, WAHOO! LOOK AT THAT PAPOOSE!
Indian SLANGO
TIRE COVER
"OVERCOAT-FOR-UM-TIRE" — CHARLIE JORDAN
SOAP BUBBLES
UM-WET BALLOONS — CLOF HOLLAND — AYES
UGH! WHOOP-LA POWERFUL INJUN MEDICINE! MAKEUM MINNIE FAT AGAIN— PALEFACE SHAPE NO GOOD FOR UM SQUAW— SHE ANGER GODS BY TURNIN' SLIM. OIL WELLS DRY! MINNIE DRINK WHOOP-LA, TRIBES OIL WELLS FLOW AGAIN!
WHOOP-LA
1-24
IF I DRINK WHOOP-LA, I'LL LOOK LIKE I DID SEVEN YEARS AGO!
FATTER MINNIE GET, BETTER WAHOO LIKE HER!
BACK IN HOLLYWOOD
FOOEY! A WEEK IS GONE AND YOU HAVE NOT FOUND THAT MINNIE SO I CAN GIVE HER A CONTRACT, YOU ARE NO GOOD!
B&H SUPER
NEXT TIME I SEND AN IDIOT TO DO SOMETHING, I GO MYSELF! I WONDER IF SHE'S HIDING IN TEPEE TOWN? I'LL SEE!
WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
PAJAMAS
CATALOGUE
TEDDY SMITH JR.
EXPENSIVE
JOHN I. FELL
WELL, MINNIE, UM MEDICINE MAN CHIEF HOKUS-POKUS, READY TO TEST UM WHOOP-LA YOU GOTTA DRINK TOMORROW!
OH! I WISH I HADN'T PROMISED TO DO IT!
1-25
OKAY, BESSIE BEANPOLE, SKINNIEST SQUAW IN UM TRIBE, COME FORWARD!
DRINK UM DOWN AN' GO BACK IN YOUR TEPEE!
NOW! WE WAIT ONE MINUTE!
LOOK! THERE COME BESSIE NOW!
AN' THERE GO MINNIE— OUT LIKE UM LIGHT!

THE DAY HAS ARRIVED – THE FATAL DAY WHEN MINNIE-HA-CHA IS TO DRINK THE MAGIC WHOOP-LA AND BID FAREWELL TO BEAUTY!
BOOM BOOM BOOM!

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
'BOUT FIVE MILES BACK IN UM HILLS AT UM CEREMONY
1-26

CEREMONY?
YEP! MAKE MINNIE-HA-CHA FAT SQUAW AGAIN — LIKE THIS!
MINNIE-HA-CHA 1931

HELP! I MUST STOP HER! CALL ME A TAXI!
NO GOTTUM TAXI — NOTHING CLIMB UM HILLS BUT UM GOAT!

BUT WILL SAM SUPER ARRIVE IN TIME TO SAVE MINNIE'S VALUABLE BEAUTY?

MMM! SUCH A BUSINESS! UP IN THESE MOUNTAINS, MINNIE-HA-CHA IS TURNING HERSELF INTO A FAT SQUAW! AND I HAVE A MOVIE CONTRACT THAT WOULD MAKE HER — AND ME – MILLIONS! BILLIONS, MAYBE!
1-27

BUT I'LL GET THERE IN TIME TO STOP HER — OR MY NAME AIN'T SAM SUPER!
CONTRACT

MINNIE-HA-CHA DRINK UM "WHOOP-LA" TURN UM INTO FAT SQUAW AGAIN! THEN GODS MAKE UM TRIBE'S OIL WELLS FLOW AGAIN!
WELL, HERE GOES!

WAHOO'S DIZZY DICTIONARY
INDICATE=
KING KERVER
MILWAUKEE=
GEORGE KLIMEK
POST CARD YOUR OWN DIZZY WORD TO WAHOO WITH THIS PAPER

QUICK, CHIEF! YOU MUSTN'T LET MINNIE DRINK THAT MAGIC MEDICINE AND RUIN HER BEAUTY!
OKAY! WAHOO FIX UM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
1-28

HEY! STOP HIM! WE GOT NO MORE "WHOOP-LA" MIXED UP! -BUT I'LL GET IT!!
YOU THINK SO?

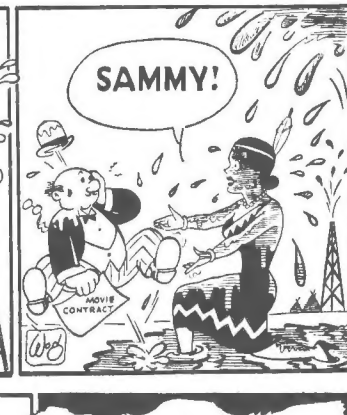
POUR UM "WHOOP-LA" ALL DOWN UM DRY OIL WELL!

BOOM
?

LOOK, MR. GUSTO! ALL THE TRIBE'S OIL WELLS ARE GUSHING AGAIN!
RIGHT, MINNIE! THE BLAST OF "WHOOP-LA" MEDICINE MUST HAVE SET THEM OFF!

WAHOO FIX UM UP, HUH?
AND I'M SO HAPPY! NOW I'LL NOT HAVE TO APPEASE THE GODS BY GETTING FAT AGAIN!
1-29

WILL SOMEBODY STOP DANCING AND TELL ME WHERE IS THE BEAUTIFUL MINNIE-HA-CHA AT? I GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR HER!
THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS? THERE SHE IS!

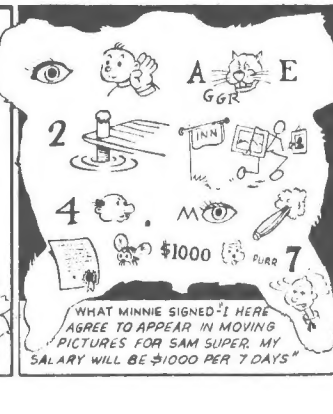

SAMMY!
MOVIE CONTRACT

THERE'S YOUR NEW CONTRACT TO ACT IN MY MOVING PICTURES, PRINCESS
BUT MEBBE SHE GO TO HOLLYWOOD AND YOU KICK HER OUT AGAIN!
1-31

IF I DO, SHE CAN SUE ME! BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT IS A STRONG CONTRACT!

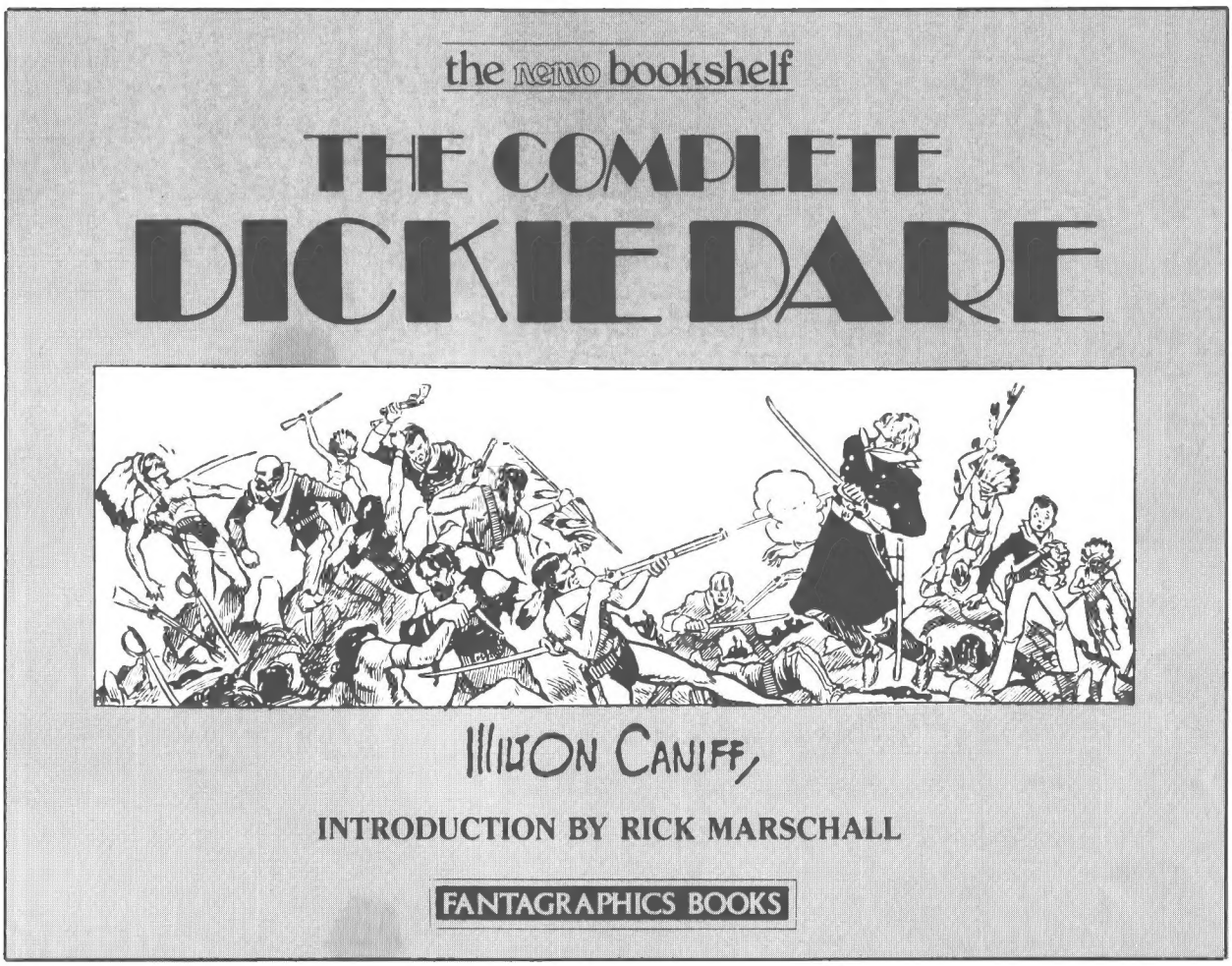
UGH! YOUR PAPER NOT STRONG! SEE?
RIP!

WAHOO FIX UM UP INJUN PAPER FOR MINNIE TO SIGN!


A E
2
4
$1000
7
WHAT MINNIE SIGNED: "I HERE AGREE TO APPEAR IN MOVING PICTURES FOR SAM SUPER. MY SALARY WILL BE $1000 PER 7 DAYS"

Before STEVE CANYON there was TERRY AND THE PIRATES. . .

Before TERRY there was. . .



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